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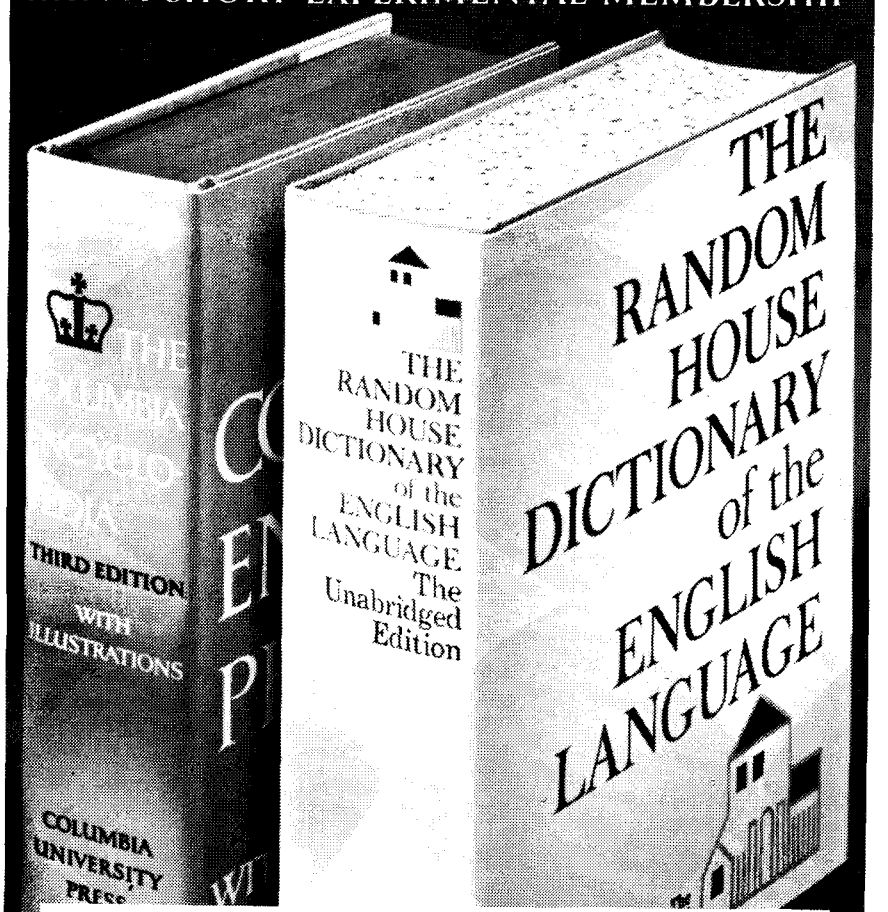
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8-31

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T.R.B.

from Washington

Most Happy Fella

★ Mr. Johnson, so far as we can figure it, is having a swell time. He kept a secret and he surprised people and there is nothing he likes more. He is being terribly noble, and there is nothing more fun than to be noble. He loves action, and he is dashing about at a great rate and has just gone to Hawaii. He had painted himself into a corner from which there seemed no exit. The polls showed him with only 36 percent backing his handling of the government, and only 26 percent the war. And he was stuck with the policy of bombing which the Pentagon and Little Sir Echo Rusk, and all the rest of them, loyally supported.

When he went before the nation on that climactic Sunday night, think of what he had to tell them before his big announcement: more budget red ink, more troops needed, more appeals to Congress for his tax bill (a House with 435 members all up for reelection, and he asks them for more taxes!). His neglect of the Democratic National Committee while he tried to run politics (like everything else) in his own hands had pretty well ruined it. We think he is a bumbling politician, whatever anybody else may say, and this was illustrated by his debacle in New Hampshire, and by the loss of the Massachusetts delegates to Gene McCarthy without a shot.

Mr. Johnson is a proud and patriotic man, and he knew as he faced the mike that he was so unpopular that he could not travel anywhere in the country without risk of insult or riot. The country that he had wanted to unite he had divided, where had that will-of-the-wisp, Consensus, gone?

Mr. Johnson had toyed with the idea of not seeking a second term a long time, and everybody we talk to here now, it turns out, knew about it all the while. We didn't. We watched him make that speech to the AFL-CIO construction workers a fortnight ago and we were confident that it was a campaign speech and that he meant to run if the prospects were good. But then he realized that it was no go.

We are not among those who think that Mr. Johnson wears horns. He has a splendid record of domestic social accomplishment. Because of Vietnam we couldn't have voted for him, but we have always had a sneaking fondness for him, fascinated by his convoluted deviousness, his evident need of affection and inability to inspire it readily, and his frequent pettiness wrestling with his idealistic Populism.

But this sounds like pity. How absurd! Mr. Johnson humbled himself on the broadcast with stricken face and painful intensity, and the bombshell at the end quite obscured for most people that he was admitting, in effect, that his policy had really been a failure.

A minute after he finished, his wife, who had given him words of warm encouragement before the talk, ran to his desk and, disregarding the technicians, threw her arms around him. No camera caught that scene. Her face, visible over his shoulder, was radiant. Mr. Johnson had a relaxed buffet supper after that with the family, and after that, a long talk with reporters, and he has been seeing more of them since. And four hours after his broadcast American bombers were back again, battering a target 205 miles beyond the Demilitarized Zone, and a mile from a provincial capital, and the old Lyndon Johnson communications failure and credibility gap was back again in an intensely suspicious Senate. . . . And now he is off on the trip to Honolulu. To be continued next week.

Mr. Johnson is out of the corner into which he painted himself, by means of his renunciation. Or is that the right metaphor? Would a better one be that he has got back to Paris from Moscow in his imperial troika, while the Army that he led deeper and deeper into the snow tries to readjust itself? How about Field Marshal Rusk; how about Gen. Clark Clifford; how about water boy Hubert Humphrey? Yes, and all those good people who slapped their chests and cried that America must never, never stop bombing? General Eisenhower says that he is "bewildered," and as he has passed a lifetime among civilian matters that bewildered him we have no doubt whatsoever that he is speaking the truth. Others are, too.

We assume that the Democratic race may now become three-cornered with Vice President Hubert Humphrey's broad hint that he's "weighing" his decision and will let us know later – perhaps after Hawaii. He would have some support from trade union and Negro groups who, for one reason or another, don't like Bobby or Gene.

The Vice President would probably help McCarthy in a stop-Kennedy movement. It is hard to see, of course, how he could pull himself out of the Johnson shadow in time to establish his own identity and, who knows, Mr. Johnson may be drafted yet.

Public Opinion

★ One thing interests us greatly. We traveled over America last summer – Atlantic to Pacific, Canada to Mexico – and everywhere we felt the dislike of the war. They were willing to go along with it, though, because they knew it would be cheap, and short, and the big nation would soon chastise the little one. Since then, of course, the dislike has steadily grown more and more passionate.

But what bewildered us was how this feeling was to find political expression. The machinery was not there. It seemed hopeless. However, it appears that there are new political tools, the polls and TV. They have outdated the old mechanism for mobilizing opinion, the local leader and the party organization. Gene McCarthy threw his hat into the ring and TV helped him. The polls took hold of Mr. Johnson and pulled him further and further down. It appears that public opinion has finally broken through.

Note: Martin Luther King – apostle of justice, Nobel Prize Winner, a man of peace is dead – victim of the madness and brutality against which he set himself. Yet he, not his enemies, will overcome.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 158 Number 15 Issue 2784 April 13, 1968*
Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D.C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-9
Two Cheers, Up on the Hill, How About China?

When Black Students Take Over a Campus – *John Mathews and Ernest Holsendolph* 10

California's Grape Pickers Will Soon Be Obsolete – *Martin Roysher and Douglas Ford* 11

The Olympics: Keep South Africa Out! – *Ian Robertson and Phillip Whitten* 12

MACE in the Face – *Roger Rapoport* 14

Indonesia – Blot on the New Order – *Herbert Feith* 17

McCarthy and Kennedy – *David Riesman* 21

Zero and Others – *Stanley Kauffmann* 24

More on Negro Writing – *Richard Gilman* 25

BOOKS – *Review by Murray Kempton* 28

CORRESPONDENCE 34

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Two Cheers

The President, by liberating the electorate from the binding question of who can beat Johnson, allows a more basic question to move center stage: what policies can serve the nation best in The Seventies? Two cheers. Instead of an acrimonious and inconclusive argument over where we have been, how we got there and who is to blame, there can be a more useful discussion of where we should be heading. But campaigns explore and expose more than public issues; they reveal character, judgment, and the public response to individual personalities. The outcome of that response is no more predictable than were Eugene McCarthy's venture into New Hampshire, Senator Robert Kennedy's decision not to run and then to run, Harold Stassen's reappearance, or the withdrawals of George Romney, Nelson Rockefeller and Mr. Johnson. The public's preference will be partially tested through upcoming primaries in Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon; but these will be indicative, not conclusive. Nor can we be sure that with Mr. Johnson's noncandidacy, the old order has signed off. Hubert Humphrey offers himself as its apologist, and Mr. Nixon, however adroitly he refashions his style, is still the dodo in modern disguise.

This variable political climate makes the Republican future as cloudy as the Democrats'. It was one thing for the GOP to take on Lyndon Johnson, in whom so many had lost faith; it is another to compete with and overcome Senator McCarthy or Senator Kennedy, neither of whom needs or wants to defend the indefensible in the Democratic record. The Rockefeller draft has thus been given new life; he's not running but is "available." Now, the Republicans must again face their minority status and the consequent necessity of a candidate sufficiently appealing to Democrats and independents.

Within 24 hours of Mr. Johnson's surprise announcement, Johnson loyalists were meeting in Washington to push Hubert Humphrey's cause. He can count on the backing of George Meany and his allies in the labor movement, as well as Southerners and businessmen who want to block Kennedy and haven't yet taken McCarthy seriously enough. There is no sadder personal tragedy in the Johnson era than the Vice President's. His political skills, his experience, his energy and his humanity have been fatally compromised by his dutiful performance as number-one salesman for Johnson's Asian policy. The esteemed affection in which Humphrey was held by progressives has cooled. He became the prisoner of his position, the victim as well as author of such self-incriminating statements as this one of last

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November: "There is no military stalemate. There is no political stalemate. There is no pacification stalemate, and what the American people need to know and what they have learned . . . is that we are making progress, and if we stick with it there is no doubt in my mind that this will result in a durable peace in Vietnam, the protection of the independence of Vietnam, and the improvement of the international security in Southeast Asia which will result in our own national security." Mr. Humphrey served his master loyally, there is a nobility in that, but when the master gives up the house, the servant should follow him.

With coming elections so much on people's minds, it is almost overlooked that 10 months remain of the Johnson Administration, months during which crucial decisions on war or peace will be made. In his farewell address, the President spoke of "taking the first step to deescalate the conflict." He said that "we are reducing – substantially reducing – the present level of hostilities. And we are doing so unilaterally and at once." He had already ordered "our aircraft and naval vessels to make no attacks on North Vietnam, except in the area north of the demilitarized zone, where the continuing enemy buildup directly threatens allied forward positions and where movements of troops and supplies are clearly related to that threat." What followed was mystifying, a cautionary signal. For on the next day the Pentagon announced bombing raids over 200 miles north of the DMZ, and said they were "within the framework" of the President's new restrictions.

"If you think that's a bog, wait'll you're in this one."

Although the President had not, in Hanoi's judgment, "correctly and fully responded to just demands," North Vietnam, nevertheless, responded by agreeing, and for the first time, to talk about an unconditional cessation of US bombing, as well as all other acts of war against the North. Those had long been Hanoi's two central requirements for negotiations. Now seemingly, it was willing to discuss its minimum demands before they had been met.

If talks take place, will the US accept those demands as "just"? It has not heretofore. On January 5, 1967 the State Department was "prepared to order a cessation of bombing of North Vietnam the moment we are assured, privately or otherwise, that this step would be answered promptly by a corresponding and appropriate deescalation on the other side." Hanoi replied to this conditional offer on January 28; North Vietnam's foreign minister, Nguyen Duy Trinh, interviewed by Wilfred Burchett, said, "It is only after the unconditional ending of the bombing and other acts of war being carried out by the US against North Vietnam that there can be talks between the two countries." In a letter to Ho Chi Minh February 2, 1967, Mr. Johnson shifted the conditions, stating that he was "prepared to order a cessation of bombing against your country and the stopping of further augmentation of US forces in Vietnam as soon as I am assured that infiltration into South Vietnam by land and by sea has stopped." Ho Chi Minh again replied (sending an almost identical message earlier to Pope Paul VI) that direct negotiations would come "only after the unconditional cessation of the US bombing raids and all other acts of war against" the North. He added that the US must "withdraw from South Vietnam all US and satellite troops and let the Vietnamese people settle themselves their own affairs." Last September 1, North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong repeated: "If the American side really wants to talk, it must first stop unconditionally the bombing of North Vietnam and all other acts of war against . . . North Vietnam."

Mr. Johnson put forward a revised formulation on September 29: "The heart of the matter is really this: the US is willing to stop all aerial and naval bombardment of North Vietnam when this will lead promptly to productive discussion. We, of course, assume that while discussions proceed, *North Vietnam would not take advantage of the bombing cessation or limitation.*" (Italics added.) That proposal was rejected, and for the same reason. An editorial of October 3 in the Communist Party paper of North Vietnam said: Washington "must put an unconditional end to all acts of war"

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against the North.

The interchange has been as monotonous as it has been futile. The government of North Vietnam was reported to have advised Washington last December that "it would promptly enter into peace talks with the US after an unconditional bombing cessation." It was informed privately in late January that the US needs assurance Hanoi would "not take advantage" of the cessation and would hold infiltration to "normal" levels. That, too, was rejected by Hanoi's foreign minister, who reiterated on February 8 his readiness to talk "as soon as the US has proved that it has really stopped unconditionally the bombing and all of their acts of war." Secretary Rusk was gloomy: "all explorations to date have resulted in North Vietnam's rejection of US proposals for starting negotiations." The President thought we had gone "as far as honorable men could" in our peace efforts, and he said on March 18: "We ought not to let them win something in Washington that they can't win in Hue, in the First Corps, or in Khesanh. And we are not going to." Given this background, it would be rash to expect peace this month or this year. For no one knows whether there is any genuine disposition in Hanoi or Washington to discuss realistically Vietnam's political future.

When the President promised to substantially reduce the present level of hostilities, was he, we wonder, contemplating retiring from the battle in the Vietnam countryside and holing up in enclaves? And if so, what could that promise but a continuation of the war, though a more defensive war? Right after Mr. Johnson's speech, President Thieu said that *his* government is not interested in any coalition with the Viet Cong. What then are the Viet Cong to do? Fade away? And Mr. Thieu added that if the limited bombing pause does not produce peace, Saigon will order a general mobilization, "aimed at providing more troops to defend ourselves against communists." If Mr. Johnson stands by his commitment to defend the Saigon regime, or any like-minded successor, against attacks by other Vietnamese, how likely are any successful negotiations, and what will come of them if we continue to insist, as Secretary Rusk has up to now, that there can be no peace unless the Viet Cong gives up?

No one wants to be cynical about Mr. Johnson's initiative. And yet if the President means business this time, if he wants it understood in Hanoi that, insofar as our military power is concerned, there will be less rather than more bombing, shelling, fighting; if he means to narrow, not widen the American military role in Vietnam; if he intends to rely more, not less, on the Vietnamese to settle their own dispute – then would he not make his meaning clearer and his task easier, prior to any "contact" with Hanoi, if he replaced not only the executor of a discredited military strategy (General Westmoreland), but the principal architects and advocates in Washington of romantic political aims – Secretary Rusk and Walt W. Rostow?

There is much talk of national unity. It ought not preclude, in this period of watchful waiting, continuing and candid scrutiny of what the US and Hanoi are proposing. National unity cannot be contrived out of pledges of allegiance to . . . allegiance. Unity comes out of widespread, clear perception of common interests and a common understanding of how they are best secured. A "unity" solicited by unrealistic expectations, on promises that cannot be kept, on evasions calculated to beguile the voters, is short-lived.

The critics of the President's war have been called "croakers and doubters"; their dissent has been labeled near treasonous by General Eisenhower; their insistence on a change in Democratic leadership has been dismissed as ineffective at the least, and harmful to the national security at the worst. Nevertheless, the critics have spoken, written, bought space in newspapers to advertise their disagreement, organized as volunteers to elect anti-Johnson convention delegates. Had they kept their thoughts to themselves, the more hopeful events of the past 10 days would not have happened. Because they would not be silent, the critics, Humphrey notwithstanding, may be coming into their own.

Up on the Hill

On the Tuesday after Mr. Johnson's dramatic withdrawal, a coalition top-heavy with Republicans (31 of 53) voted out a compromise tax bill that included a 10 percent surtax plus a requirement that $6 billion be trimmed from the Administration's 1969 budget of $186 billion. It was hailed by Sen. Everett M. Dirksen (R, Ill.) as a "breakthrough," though Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D, Ark.) of the House Ways and Means Committee had been privately assuring lobbyists that he would stand for no amendments to the excise tax measure his body sent to the Senate. Inasmuch as it was a private pledge and Chairman Mills' conservative friends were whispering presidential possibilities in his ears, he might want to reconsider.

In all probability, the Senate would have acted in much the same manner if President Johnson had not pulled out on Sunday evening. A key labor lobbyist who said the President's action "made no difference on the tax thing" pointed out that the issue was settled, at least in the Senate, once the GOP minority decided to go all out for the surtax plus spending cuts.

The civil rights problem in the House is of a different nature. It isn't snarled up in the financial crisis (that comes later when job and housing programs come to the floor) and shouldn't be affected by these, except

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that the vote in the House Rules Committee is so close White House pressure may be needed to keep men like Rep. John Young (D, Tex.) in line.

Here is the procedural dilemma: Supporters of the bill, which includes an open occupancy provision, want to avoid the possibility of another Senate filibuster (it would come during the long, hot summer after endless days in conference) by sending to the floor for a direct vote the bill as reported out by the Senate. A resolution to that effect has been introduced by Rep. Ray Madden (D, Ind.). The House Rules Committee will vote on this resolution soon and, in addition, supporters hope to be able to assign handling of the bill to Rep. Madden, thus clearing the way for consideration before Congress plans to quit for the Easter recess.

If that doesn't work, the House will return from the Easter holidays to find the vanguard of a poor people's army, despite Martin Luther King's assassination, camped on their doorsteps, and hope for passage of an open housing bill this session may be lost in a wave of indignation over "shanty towns" dotting the Washington landscape. The sympathy wave for Dr. King, shot last week in Memphis, will have subsided. White House help – if it can still influence men like Rep. Bernie Sisk of the Rules Committee – would then be valuable.

If not, help could come from another direction. Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, worried over the "image" of his party if Minority Leader Gerald Ford (R, Mich.) continues to play to the conservatives on his policy committee on matters such as civil rights, has been quietly applying pressure on GOP members in an effort to alleviate their adamancy. Thus far, it hasn't worked. But Nixon has a lot of chips to cash in, and he seems willing to spend some on civil rights.

Looking beyond the two bills pending at the time President Johnson pulled out, everything on the Hill revolves around money (or the lack of it) and the relation of this to the twin wars—in Vietnam and the cities.

The riot commission made it clear, once again, that billions must be spent in the ghettos on jobs and housing, and that the hard core unemployed must be brought into the economic mainstream quickly. Sen. Clark (D, Pa.), whose plan to create jobs in the public service field almost passed the Senate last year, is holding hearings on a new proposal that combines a public and a private program costing $8.7 billion over the next two years. Senate passage looks favorable.

But, once again, it comes down to money. Even as Sen. Clark and his colleagues are collecting testimony, the conservatively-oriented House Appropriations Committee is sharpening its knife to slice large sums off the 1969 appropriations for current, not new, programs. One member of that committee freely predicts "wailing and gnashing of teeth" when the committee reports out the various appropriations bills.

How About China?

American-North Vietnamese talks about maybe settling the war are in a sense bad news for the communist Chinese. The huge American military presence is a threat to them; Secretary Rusk has told them bluntly they are the real target and they take the American threat seriously enough to have sent tens of thousands of People's Liberation Army troops into North Vietnam. On the other hand, the American involvement in Vietnam has paid communist China dividends. US bombing of North Vietnam helped Peking to keep its thumb on Hanoi, despite traditional anti-Chinese feeling among Vietnamese. The Russians have to bear the large part of the cost of defending North Vietnam; at the same time the war gravely hinders the Soviet Union in its nefarious wish to get on better terms with the imperialist camp. Finally, the war consumes American military gear, handily meeting the ancient Chinese maxim of "using barbarians to control barbarians" and also the modern Maoist one of "destroying the enemy by drawing him in deeper to drown in the sea of the people's war." It seems high time for a reappraisal both of this country's China policy and its Vietnam policy, that have made China appear cleverer and more formidable than China actually is. A dismal picture of Asia has been given us. It has been argued that without substantial American involvement, only an Asian rope of sand tethers Chinese expansion. Changing the metaphor, without American military protection Asian countries, from Thailand to the Philippines and from Indonesia to India, would fall like dominoes before the Chinese communist strategy of agitating peasant masses to bring whole societies down in people's guerrilla wars, waged by "the countryside" against the "cities." Additionally, the State Department and the Pentagon have credited China recently with the nuclear potential to destroy American cities.

The picture is surely overdrawn. China is acquiring nuclear weapons, but has a very long way to go before coming level with Russia. American nuclear might deters the Soviet Union and is as capable of deterring the Chinese, who have been exceedingly circumspect about their nuclear strength, publicly declaring they will never be the first to use their warheads, a declaration that no other nuclear power has cared to make. The Chinese have also made plain that guerrilla wars will have to be fought without them. Their troops in North Vietnam are laborers and replacements. As Senator Mansfield said last month, "there is Chinese equipment in South Vietnam, but there are no Chinese battalions" there. Last December, the author of the doctrine of people's wars, Mao's heir apparent Lin Piao, explained to the North Vietnamese defense minister, General Giap, that as regards Vietnam, Peking

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proposed action that "corresponds to the highest interest of the Chinese and Vietnamese peoples." This was interpreted by others if not by Giap as meaning that China will support the war to the last Vietnamese.

Vietnam proves nothing about peasant guerrilla wars elsewhere in the world. Neither a Viet Cong victory nor a VC defeat will enable it to be said that guerrilla wars in peasant societies are inevitable, or inevitably bad, or inevitably victorious, or that they are unlikely because they are bound to be crushed. Each society has its own set of problems to confront and solve, each in its own fashion. In most peasant societies, including communist China, the peasant masses seem intent on migrating to cities, not putting them to the torch in the name of the great proletarian revolution. Lin Piao's "countryside versus cities" fantasy reflects Chinese frustrations. Marxism-Leninism demands rapid industrialization, and China is unlikely under any system to achieve major industrial status for years to come; China's 88 treaty ports were run by foreigners who were outside Chinese jurisdiction.

The Chinese are weak in conventional military weapons – the Navy and Air Force are negligible, the huge Army lacks mobility and firepower. Yet China has made enemies of former friends or neutrals, and has compounded military weakness with a huge internal upheaval. "Traitors, landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, rightists, bourgeois elements and bad eggs with ulterior motives" abound, says the *Honan Daily*. Since coming to power almost 20 years ago, the regime has regularly stimulated hatred in order to align the masses behind its goals. More recently, powerful cliques among the top leadership have been using the same weapon on one another, whistling up mobs of Red Guards to destroy their rivals. Victims include legendary heroes of the revolution, like Marshal Chu Te, the co-founder of the Red Army (accused as a "war lord") and Marshal Ho Lung ("bandit and anti-party conspirator"). About 2,000 officers of the People's Liberation Army have been purged, including two Chiefs of Staff, four deputy chiefs, seven top Army political commissars, Navy and Air Force commanders, artillery and armored corps chiefs, 13 of 23 military district commanders. The PLA leadership vacuum may approach the Red Army gap that was caused by Stalin's purging of Tukhachevsky and other high Soviet officers.

No one knows how or when the storm of the "cultural revolution" will blow over. It is bound, however, to have further weakened a China that despite its nuclear arms was already dangerously fragile. With the best of luck and with maximum internal unity, no Peking regime could hope for more than managing to stabilize the bulging population at just under a billion by the end of the century, and industrializing China to an extent that would still leave it lagging far behind Russia and this country, not to speak of Japan. As it is, disillusionment is likely when China's 150 million youth find themselves inheriting divisive backwardness at home, and see few or no successful people's wars abroad. Mao's successor, whether Lin Piao or Chou En-lai or another, may belatedly seek to reestablish better relations with Moscow, but may encounter difficulties in doing so. Khrushchev is said to have proposed to China the forming of a joint Russian-Chinese fleet, armed with nuclear weapons. Mao Tse-tung not only spurned the plan but banished Mao's Chinese contact, General Peng Te-huai. The Chinese people have been indoctrinated to hate the Russians more even than the Americans, and the Russians may be slow to forgive and forget.

But a China with only enemies abroad (Peking's sole current friends are Pakistan and Albania) and a lagging economy at home just might try its nuclear weapons. The principal view from Peking after all, as Senator Mansfield has reminded us, is of American encirclement of China with massive conventional and nuclear firepower, and American-Russian sponsorship of an atomic treaty. Much of China's exclusion is self-exclusion (as with the non-proliferation treaty), yet it is in the US interest to do all possible to break down Peking's Great Wall. Senator Mansfield proposes, as a modest start, admitting Chinese to this country on the same terms as other communist travelers and scrapping the absurd total trade embargo. He suggests that the Taiwan question be settled by the Chinese among themselves, the way Vietnam is ultimately a matter for Vietnamese, not Americans, to solve.

Such American gestures would cost little and would evoke no favorable response, at first. But they would serve to edge the US off a collision course with communist China, and would be a public signal that American fear of Chinese expansion is no longer the chief molder of policy toward Asia, any more than overriding fear of Russia nowadays dictates the shape of American foreign policy.

COMING: *Why I favor Robert Kennedy for the Presidency – by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.*

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When Black Students Take Over a Campus

The rhythm and blues anthem of the Howard University student revolt (". . . that blessed day has come/ and I don't care where you come from . . .") blared on the juke box of the "punch out" (student center), as the young black students, who organized and led a 102-hour seizure of the university administration building last month, broke into an impromptu victory dance. What they won no one knows exactly but what they had done was unparalleled during the entire history of the 101-year-old, federally supported institution.

For the better part of five days, up to 1,200 of the 8,200 students (90 percent of them Negroes) camped out in the university administration building. They constructed their own "black-oriented society" with a participatory democracy of sorts, a heavy diet of black culture ranging from African chants to the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* and the contemporary blues of Aretha Franklin and an efficient social mechanism of negotiators, guards, cooks, switchboard operators and maintenance crews.

Officials closed the school, and set a deadline for students to vacate dormitories. Things seemed to be moving toward a confrontation both sides wanted to avoid. But last minute intervention by a small nucleus of Howard trustees, led by Kenneth Clark, psychologist and social critic, evolved a compromise. The students returned the administration building (with its records, petty cash, etc., intact) to the administration. They received a pledge that 39 students who broke up a speech by President James M. Nabrit earlier last month would be disciplined by the student government, rather than by an administration-faculty dominated committee. The trustees hedged on another student demand, the creation of a "black-oriented university," but promised Howard would develop a "more relevant curriculum" and consider establishing a "Black Awareness Institute" and the convening of an all-black convention of college students.

When the angry young men and women – many with the natural "Afro" hair styles – were asked by reporters (most of them white) to explain the Howard rebellion within the context of student unrest nationally, they reacted angrily: "It has nothing at all to do with Berkeley, or even Central State or Orangeburg." And when, the following week, some of the Howard leaders went to support boycotting students at nearby Bowie State, an 80 percent Negro college in a Maryland suburb, they told the students there, "Brothers and sisters, this is your own thing." (The "thing" at Bowie, including a one-day administration building seizure, resulted in an uneasy truce after Maryland Governor Spiro T. Agnew sent more than 100 riot-trained state troopers within 200 yards of the 200 students in the college headquarters. The students at the miniscule, once segregated state college were protesting the deplorable physical and fiscal undernourishment of their century-old institution.)

Although the Howard students, like student protesters around the country, were demanding a significant voice for themselves on campus, a just system of discipline (Howard summarily dismissed 20 faculty and student dissidents last year) and a curriculum relevant to *their* interests, their revolt was organically different from protests at white colleges, and a mutation from demonstrations at other predominantly Negro colleges around the country this school year.

From black power militants to fraternity brothers and sisters, Howard students display in varying degrees the same antagonism toward white society as that of the ghetto dweller. The campus is *their* ghetto, where they can make their student and/or black power felt. President Nabrit and most of their black professors are radicals of another era, when change was effected through the law and the powers of rational persuasion. To the Howard student of today, it is time to "lay down my shuffling shoes, down by Nabrit's door . . ." In the last 10 or 15 years, predominantly white universities have sought out Negro students and Howard's professional class alumni aspire to Ivy League diplomas for their children. As a result, Howard's largely over 50-year-old senior staff teaches students from a new aspiring or first generation middle-class. To these young people, the phrases from their popular theme song: "We're too from the good black dirt" and "I don't care where you come from . . ." have particular poignancy.

A temporary respite of three years of turbulence at Howard now seems to prevail with 67-year-old President Nabrit, who went into exile at a Washington hotel with other administrators and trustees during the rebellion, saying that he will not retire until June 1969.

The students see a parallel between what they are doing and the late Dr. King's poor people's campaign scheduled for Washington later this month – in spite of Memphis. It is, they believe, the last chance for nonviolence and for a rational appeal within the existing political process. "Claude Brown said we should burn the place down," said one student. "I hope we don't have to go that far."

JOHN MATHEWS and ERNEST HOLSENDOLPH

MR. MATHEWS *and* MR. HOLSENDOLPH *write on educational affairs for* The Washington Star.

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Uptight with Upright

California's Grape Pickers Will Soon Be Obsolete

The cry of *Huelga* was raised over the vineyards of Delano, California, in September 1965. Since then the grape workers have carried on a successful strike and formed a cooperative union in the fields, United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC). At the Gran Fiesta last month, Senator Robert Kennedy told the farm workers, "These victories are yours. You won them with your courage and with the leadership of Cesar Chavez. There is no one who can take them from you."

The truth is that all of these gains will be lost in the next two to five years as mechanical harvesting becomes a standard procedure with wine grapes. The University of California has applied for a patent on a harvesting machine for a special trellis system developed by Henry Studer and Harold P. Olmo of its Davis Campus. Upright Inc., whose president is Berkeley Mayor Wallace Johnson, has been licensed to commercially produce the machine. This year four Upright harvesters will test-harvest about 600 acres of various wine grapes, and the people at Upright expect to be harvesting nearly all Thompson Seedless in two years and most other wine grapes in about five years.

In late 1964, Congress surprised everybody by failing to renew the *bracero* program, under which Mexican labor was brought in for the harvest. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz suggested the growers find domestic labor, but they claimed they couldn't do it. In the end they were able to prevail upon Secretary Wirtz and Governor Edmund Brown to permit continued importation of many fewer workers, at what they felt was the exorbitant wage of $1.40 an hour. Because of the seasonal nature of the work, that wage makes for a yearly income of about $1,300. Most growers continued to try to pay less for domestic workers, though labor costs amount to about three to five percent of the retail price of grape products.

The strike made it worse for the growers. Statewide and national boycotts embarrassed many large firms like Gallo, Christian Brothers, Di Georgio, and Schenley into signing contracts. While workers on non-union ranches still get only about $1.40 to $1.60 an hour, those on union ranches average between $2.25 and $2.75 for table grapes and between $3 and $4 an hour for wine grapes. One would expect that this "blow" of higher hourly wages had not been too hard to absorb, inasmuch as the price paid by wineries for wine grapes went up from $38.30 per ton in 1966 to $47.80 per ton in 1967. The growers, however, cry of being squeezed by rising labor costs.

Agriculture in California is big business – "agribusiness" – involving $5 billion of produce a year and 43 percent of the fruit and vegetables consumed in the United States. Such a powerful economic establishment has muscle. It is represented by members of the University Board of Regents and donates heavily to the university's agricultural research programs. The Davis campus is its own research and development and manpower training facility. The University Agricultural Extension Service offices in each of the state's 56 counties proclaim to the growers: "Consult your UC farm adviser about your farm problems." Such consultations have proved fruitful. The university developed a mechanical tomato picker which now harvests 85 percent of the state's $128 million tomato harvest. A university-developed cucumber harvester has just been introduced and is already harvesting 20 percent of the cucumber crop.

The prototype of the Upright harvester was developed at Davis in 1964 as a project "to eliminate grower dependence on harvest labor." The machine is part of an entirely new system of trellising grapevines so that the fruit is borne only along two wires which run the length of a row just above and to either side of the main trunks of the vines. At harvesting time the machine runs along, straddling each row while striking the wires with impactor rods. The impact of the strikes causes the grapes to drop into bins on either side of the harvester just below the wires. The grapes are then carried by a conveyor belt to a gondola keeping pace with the harvester in the next row over in the field. Dr. Olmo and his associates are convinced the machine will harvest all types of wine grapes. Tests in 1965 and 1966 demonstrated that the machine could harvest all but 15 to 20 percent of even the most delicate grape crops and 100 percent of the more common Thompsons.

The university has no formal procedure for granting manufacturing licenses for such potentially lucrative devices, despite the fact that the Patent Office will tell the casual inquirer that licensing is done through "competitive bidding." As one food-machine developer remarked, the companies "mosey around Davis all the time, because they know what is going on there." The university feels that informal *ad hoc* committees to negotiate specific developments are sufficient to guarantee that no one gets left out. In the case of the grape harvester, however, the license was granted directly to Upright without entertaining any other offers from the industry. It is said that the

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Regents' royalties on the grape harvester are five percent; their royalties on other developments run as high as 10 percent.

Upright's commercial model will harvest both sides of a row simultaneously at a rate of two acres an hour, using two men to replace 70. Labor costs now run about $20 an acre, but machine harvesting costs are estimated to be about $5 an acre. Upright will contract for the first harvesting at about $10 an acre; as the operation becomes extensive, they will sell the machine to other contractors and growers. To stimulate growers to convert their fields, Upright has given away 50,000 of the special trellises.

The university's Agricultural Extension Service has published a how-to-do-it book entitled *Training and Trellising Grapevines for Mechanical Harvest.* Presumably their advisers will assist the growers in conversion. The university has produced a film on the system which Dr. Olmo and other Davis viticulturists show around the state. A typical showing was at the Wine Institute board of directors meeting at the Del Webb Hotel in Fresno on March 15-16 – "a big weekend for the men of the department."

Nevertheless, there may be competition. An Eastern company, Chisholm-Ryder, is manufacturing a machine developed at Cornell. A Davis-trained engineer at Food Machine Corporation is developing another machine utilizing the university's trellis system with a shaker instead of an impactor rod. Both these machines will be tested in the forthcoming harvest. Gallo, Almaden and other corporations under contract with UFWOC have already contracted for 50- to 75-acre test plots with at least one of the three companies producing harvesters.

The impact of the machine will be immediate. Within two to three years it will be harvesting nearly all Thompsons and Barberas. It will eventually harvest all wine grapes grown on flat land, and these are the most important grapes on present union ranches. Even if the machine is not used, the trellis system will cut harvest labor needs by one-fifth by placing the grapes at shoulder height. The people at Upright feel that the lost harvest jobs might be regained in more pruning and training jobs during vineyard conversion. But after conversion only a few pruners will work where hundreds have worked before.

Savings accruing from mechanization will be enormous. Who will be the beneficiary? The union feels that the savings should be shared. An Upright executive fears that the union will demand a retraining fund, citing the Longshoreman's demands in the face of containerized shipping. Upright and the growers are confident that the union is too weak to make its demands stick. Besides denigrating union strength, the growers take pains to attack the union's legitimacy. Johnson of Upright joins the chorus with his book *Responsible Individualism,* describing the farm workers' 1966 march on Sacramento: "Guilt-feelings, frustrations, antagonisms . . . conflict for its own sake, all paraded under the banners of social justice."

MARTIN ROYSHER and DOUGLAS FORD

MR. ROYSHER and MR. FORD are both graduate students at the University of California at Berkeley.

The Olympics: Keep South Africa Out!

by Ian Robertson and Phillip Whitten

"I've spent my whole life fighting politics in the Olympic movement." Thus Mr. Avery Brundage justifies the decision of the International Olympic Committee (IOC) over which he presides to invite apartheidist South Africa to participate in the 1968 Games: a decision which has thus far resulted in the withdrawal of nearly 40 countries, and which may yet prevent the Games from taking place at all.

Back in 1935, as president of the American Olympic Committee (AOC), he faced a similar situation – the question of US participation in the Olympic Games held in Berlin. In 1933 the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) had passed a resolution, with only one dissenting vote, calling upon the AOC to give notice that no American athlete would be certified for competition "unless in fact as well as in theory German Jews are both permitted and encouraged to train for the Olympic Games of 1936." A movement backed by leading judicial, academic, literary and political figures presented a petition, with more than half a million signatures, calling for US withdrawal from the Games. The NAACP on Dec. 7, 1935, declared itself "against participation, on the ground that Germany has violated her pledges against racial discrimination. . . ."

The AOC thought differently. Retired General Charles H. Sherill of the AOC predicted "a great wave

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of anti-Semitism if US athletes saw their ambitions frustrated by Jews," and added for good measure that "an immediate objective of the Communist Third Internationale is to defeat the plan to hold the Games in Germany in 1936." Mr. Brundage was even more forceful: "Our athletes," he declared, "must not be denied the right to carry the Stars and Stripes to victory abroad just because of treason for political reasons in some quarters at home."

In response to the pressures on them, however, Brundage and Sherill went to Germany to investigate discrimination against Jews. There they found that swimming pools, tracks, and the town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, site of the '36 Winter Olympics, were closed to Jews. US Ambassador to Germany William Edward Dodd reported that Jews were barred from open competition, denied use of sports fields and other athletic facilities, and that world-rank Jewish athletes were summarily dismissed from clubs. An official statement by Nazi sports official, Karl Ritter von Halt, conceded that Jews would not be participating: "the sole reason for this was always that no Jew was able to qualify by his ability for participation in the Olympic team. Heil Hitler!"

Yet Mr. Brundage and General Sherill returned satisfied that the US should proceed as planned. Mr. Brundage felt that "regardless of in what country the Olympics are held, there will be some group or religion or some race that can register a protest because of the action of the government of that country, past or present." He was reported in *The New York Times* as stating that "the Olympics must be kept free of outside entanglements, racial, religious, or political." On the same page of that newspaper, one might have read "Beaten Berlin Jew Dies"; "Germany Reiterates 'Warfare Against Judaism' Is Official Policy"; "More Arrests of Jews for Race Ravishing." But the findings of the Brundage report won acceptance on the AOC by a narrow margin, and American athletes in 1936 paraded through the streets of Berlin, from which the Nazis had temporarily removed all anti-Semitic posters. "Politics" had been kept out of sport: but few would now argue that it was anything to be proud of.

The parallels between the 1936 situation and the one in 1968 are too obvious to be pressed. The question is how, in the face of all the evidence, the IOC reached the decision it did?

Part of the answer lies in the composition of the IOC. Mr. Brundage presides over a body which is not representative nor is meant to be. It is an oligarchic body of officials, elected by other officials. Less than half of the 72 participating nations are represented; the US has three votes, as against four for the whole of Africa; only one black African is on the body.

The IOC decision unquestionably violates the IOC constitution. Clause 25, for example, states explicitly that national committees must be free of all political pressures from their governments. In South Africa's case, no one, not even South Africa herself, pretends that this condition is met.

But more important is the first clause of the IOC constitution, which specifically prohibits any discrimination against any country or individual on the grounds of race or of political conviction. (The IOC found no difficulty in applying this clause to an Asian nation in 1962, when Indonesia was suspended from the Olympics for refusing to allow athletes from Israel or Taiwan to compete in Jakarta.) The only game in South Africa in which there has been any integration at all is golf; the brilliant Indian South African, Papwa Sewgolum, has been permitted to play whites at championship level. He has not been permitted to use the clubhouses, however: on one occasion, after he had beaten all the white contestants, he was hastily presented with his trophy in a downpour of rain – the white spectators and dignitaries having withdrawn to the shelter of the clubhouse which the Indian could not enter, there to partake of a reception which the winner could not attend. On later occasions a separate tent was erected on the course for Mr. Sewgolum's exclusive use. In the future, however, his golf will be subject to Separate Development: he will not be permitted to play whites again.

All sports in South Africa are segregated, and so are the spectators. At first, spectators were placed in different stands, with the choicest vantage point reserved for whites (at the premiere horse-racing track in Durban, for example, the stand for blacks is so far from the finishing line that its occupants have to wait for an official announcement to find out which horse has won). Now, however, apartheid prescribes that each race may only watch events of its own race; when this new refinement has been fully extended, it will be impossible for a nonwhite to gain any impression of the style and technique of a white (or foreign) athlete, other than what may be gleaned from a still photograph in the press (TV is banned in South Africa as "an instrument of internationalism and decadence").

There may well be no more international matches

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in South Africa. Refusal to allow New Zealand – one of the few countries still willing to play against white South Africans – to include a Maori in her football team could end sporting relations between the two countries. Japan, which last year offered to pay all expenses for a South African college football team to visit Tokyo, was informed that the tour could not be permitted, as it "might disturb existing friendly relations between the two countries." (This decision was odd, for although South Africa treats all Asians, including her large Chinese population, as nonwhite, and discriminates against them accordingly, Japanese are officially categorized as "Honorary Whites," following a lucrative trading agreement between the two states.) Finally, a projected British cricket tour may have to be called off because of the inclusion of colored cricketer Basil D'Oliveira with the English team: D'Oliveira, ironically, is a South African by birth.

D'Oliveira's case is an interesting commentary on the South African claim that her various races, though kept separate, may develop to the full in sport as in all other things. He found facilities and opportunities so inadequate that he simply left his country to play elsewhere. Last year he revisited South Africa on vacation. The local colored community sought to hold a dinner in his honor, to which the (white) coach of his formative years was to be invited. For this mixed gathering, a government permit had to be obtained. It was granted, subject to the condition that the white man not sit down at the table and not eat anything.

Segregated trials will be held for the Olympics, with nonwhite athletes, for example, running against the clock instead of against competition; with selectors having the tricky task of determining which of two boxers who are not permitted to fight each other is the better fighter; with the different races performing before the selectors at different altitudes, under different climatic conditions, in conditions and facilities which differ radically. Even the withdrawals of African and Asian states from the Olympics have been viewed with some satisfaction in South Africa. Mr. Frank Braun, president of the South African Olympic Association, happily contemplated the possibility of the absent states holding "their own Afro-Asian Olympics," and observed that their boycott "would restore the old prestige of the Games."

If Mr. Brundage believes that politics should be kept out of sport, the best employment he could find for his octogenarian energies would be to apply his influence to the one country in the international community which has brought political ideology into the field of sport on a scale, and with a vindictiveness, unequaled except perhaps by Nazi Germany. In the meanwhile he and the IOC might explain how it came about that, on their rarified Olympian heights, they took a decision which so clearly violates the first principles of their own constitution – to say nothing of the elementary principles of good sportsmanship.

MACE in the Face

by Roger Rapoport

"When force is justified General Ordnance Equipment Company's family of nonlethal weapons offers a solution in keeping with the ideals of our society," announces the maker of the hottest selling new police weapon in the country, Chemical MACE. Since the Pittsburgh-based unit of Smith and Wesson Company (a division of Bangor Punta Corporation) began making MACE two years ago, over 3,000 police agencies across the country have added the tear-gas-like spray deterrent to their arsenals. MACE is now being used in Hong Kong and studied for possible use in Italy, France and Japan.

"Because of the sensitive and controversial nature of the product" MACE sales figures are confidential, but production is up "substantially" this year. It comes in a pocket spray can ($4.50), a standard-size spray can ($8.40), and a special billy club that sprays MACE out the top (three sizes, from $13.50 to $18.50). MACE is selling because GOEC has convinced police agencies it is tough but safe. When a policeman sprays MACE in the face of a victim it immediately causes temporary blindness. A secret solvent cuts away fatty layers of the skin so a tear gas substance can burn away at nerve endings and cause tearing. ("It hurts more if you have acne," says a GOEC official.) Vapors sharply limit breathing and the victim is effectively incapacitated for "15 to 30 minutes." The company says that the product is "safe enough to put on a baby's bucket." And unlike the standard tear gas canister, there is no worry of "any major blowback due to wind conditions," because it "will return droplets below of-

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ficer's face." Unlike a club it "does not mark" or leave bloody cuts for news photographers. As GOEC sums up a series of actual field tests made from San Quentin, Calif., to Brownsville, Pa.: "In all cases reported . . . there were no permanent injuries to those shot with the [MACE] . . . the police officers were not harmed . . . and there were no charges of police brutality."

This sales pitch is provided in a yellow public relations kit which includes reprints of articles touting MACE from *Law and Order* and *The National Sheriff* by the nation's leading expert on riot control, Colonel Rex Applegate of Yoncala, Oregon. GOEC promotion pictures of a policeman MACEing a berserk assailant have found their way into *The New York Times, Time* and numerous other publications. "For police the device is the first if not the final answer to a nationwide need – a weapon that disables as effectively as a gun and yet does no permanent injury," says *Time* in an article widely reprinted by GOEC.

Guaranteed not to find its way into the GOEC promotion kit is a development last week in Ann Arbor, Mich. The city became the first in the country to suspend formally the use of MACE. The decision made five weeks after 21 of Ann Arbor's 106 policemen were given MACE, raises questions about the safety, testing, abuse, secrecy, promotion and advertising of MACE. "We're completely shocked about this," says GOEC sales manager Thomas Boyle. "This is the first time this has ever happened."

On March 20, two days after the Ann Arbor decision, Michigan state police director Col. Fred Davids said he decided "not to use it [MACE] because we were advised hazards could exist. As I understand it, there is a content in the chemical that cuts away the body oils and could affect the nerve endings." Further, a Food and Drug Administration spokesman told *The New Republic* last week that it "has collected MACE samples and begun to analyze them to see if it contains anything we have authority over." So far the product has been exempt from federal scrutiny. The FDA moved after receiving "a number of inquiries from congressmen, other federal agencies and individuals." The New Jersey Civil Liberties Union has just written FDA Commissioner James Goddard asking that MACE's ingredients be made public. Medical groups in Boston and Washington have asked for a stiff reexamination. The Pentagon's defense research consortium, the Institute for Defense Analyses, has suggested that MACE's "rapidly spreading acceptance among police forces of the country makes rather urgent the systematic evaluation of its value and limitations." And the President's Commission on Civil Disorders also called for the government to "undertake an immediate program to test and evaluate nonlethal weapons," like MACE.

Is it safe, and when should it be used? There is little doubt that a MACE-style weapon is better than guns in certain situations. Such an incident occurred March 9 when Ann Arbor police used MACE for the first time to flush out a berserk criminal hiding in a bathroom stall. But MACE can also add another dimension to police brutality. For example, there is considerable controversy over whether police were justified in using MACE in two related Ann Arbor incidents on March 16. After a car smashed into a telephone pole about 6:45 pm a large crowd of Negroes gathered. Police and occupants of the car disagreed on whether or not the car should be moved out of the way of the cracked telephone pole (it might have toppled if the car's support was taken away). A scuffle ensued, and the police used MACE. Later another crowd of Negroes gathered at local St. Joseph's Hospital to visit the accident victims. Another argument flared and MACE was used again. The police say they MACEd only five; civil rights leaders claim at least nine were sprayed.

The next night there was a two-hour debate by the city council. Civil rights leaders and some councilmen argued that some Negroes were MACEd after they had been handcuffed and others were MACEd while in the police car. (A St. Joseph's Hospital desk clerk on duty during the incident there charged that "the trouble was aggravated if not induced by the police.") But the central concern of some councilmen and civil rights groups was that MACE was not proved fully safe and could cause permanent damage. As a result city Police Chief Walter Krasny agreed to suspend its use pending a reexamination. The police gave a MACE sample to the University of Michigan pharmacology department for study. Meanwhile the city's Human Relations Commission began an investigation of the affair, and the local CORE chapter demanded suspension of the police officers involved pending the outcome of the study. CORE also filed complaint charges before the Michigan Civil Rights Commission.

The city had plenty of justification for the review. For example, it turns out that Colonel Applegate's articles promoting MACE in the May-June 1966 issue of *The National Sheriff* and the June 1966 issue of *Law and Order* do not note that the author has been a paid consultant to GOEC since 1966. "Rex has been a consultant in the potential marketing of MACE," concedes Sales Manager Tom Boyle. "He's not on our payroll but he does get a consultant fee." Applegate was a bit more candid in an interview with *Esquire's* Gary Wills in the March issue: "In consideration of the help I give them, I get a five percent royalty on the sales. For the last three months reported, my check was $17,000," Col. Applegate said. (That incidentally would suggest quarterly sales of about $3.4-

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million, or, prorated on an annual basis, about $13.6-million, which is not bad since Mr. Boyle says GOEC only has about two dozen employees.)

Although the company says that tests at the Abilene Medical Society, the Phoenix Crime Laboratory and the Alameda County Medical Institutions have backed MACE, its major medical testimonial comes from the Hazelton Labs. The Hazelton test, which proved that MACE did not damage the eyes of three rhesus monkeys 48 hours after they had been sprayed, was sponsored by GOEC. Joseph F. Coates, the Institute for Defense Analyses official who wrote the FDA report on nonlethal weapons, suggests that, "Since this [MACE] is a major innovation I think the auspices of the test must be someone other than the manufacturer. A whole evaluation that includes police, community and medical groups should have been done some time ago." He has a point. GOEC's promotional literature cites a statement from Hazelton Labs veterinarian Marcelina B. Powers: "the material [MACE] is therefore not considered to be an eye irritant under the Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act." This is true. But as a spokesman for the FDA (which administers the Act) explains, "MACE is not covered under the Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act because it is not a household product. The Act only covers commercially available household products like detergents, pesticides and drain cleaners. It doesn't govern police weapons." Asked why GOEC (which advertises in its brochure for the MACE billy club MK VII that it "passes all the requirements of the Federal Hazardous Substances Labeling Act") doesn't explain this, the sales manager, Mr. Boyle, says "I can't answer that one. You got me." Still he insists his product is safe. "From time to time we hear reports that someone has had a bad reaction from the MACE. But every case we track down we find the most serious thing has been a rash that goes away in 25 minutes." However, Mr. Boyle "hadn't heard" about Marvin Harrison, an 18-year-old Ann Arbor youth who had a severe reaction to MACE after being doused with it March 17. Harrison explains that he had gone to St. Joseph's hospital about 8 pm to visit his twin brother, Melvin, who had been hospitalized after being in the 6:45 pm car accident. Walking into the waiting room, he says he was stopped by police who demanded identification. When Harrison refused on the grounds he "wasn't doing anything wrong" an argument ensued that turned into a scuffle which ended up with him on the floor. Harrison claims he was handcuffed and then a policeman "bent directly over me and sprayed MACE at me several times. He was only a few inches away. It got right in my eyes and mouth." He claims he was MACEd twice more, once on the way to the patrol car and once while riding to the jail. After being arraigned on charges of disturbing the peace, Harrison was released. On Monday his face began breaking out, he was nauseated, couldn't eat and was having trouble with his vision. An acute contact dermatitis ("looks like measles") broke out and his face became swollen. Wednesday his face began peeling, and when I talked with him Thursday (March 21) a large raw patch of depigmented skin had appeared on his right cheek. On Friday he was examined by University of Michigan dermatologist Dr. Patrick Tobin, who reported the whole right side of "his face is depigmented." This may be temporary, but the dermatologist says it is hard to predict what will happen to the pigmentation of Harrison's face which is now half red and half brown. Hospital officials explain they were unable to prescribe anything for Harrison because GOEC's MACE patent is pending and the contents are a trade secret. "We can treat this symptomatically, but we have to know the full contents of MACE in order to really prescribe something," says UM's Dr. Charles N. Inniss. "We know that tear gas is the active ingredient, but to really treat it we have to know what the solvent [that burns away the fatty tissue to get the tear gas to the victim] is. I think the best thing would be for the manufacturer to get off this secrecy kick and tell a select group of professionals what the solvent is in MACE so that we can know more about how to treat people with bad reactions and to allow us to make an enlightened evaluation of MACE's toxicity." Mr. Boyle says that making the secret ingredients public is impossible until this summer, when he expects the MACE patent to be registered.

MACE has spawned numerous competitors. As a result the solvent is so confidential that Mr. Boyle says, "Even I don't know what it is!" There would be several advantages to the company and the public in making MACE's ingredients public. Physicians like UM's Dr. Jeffrey Strauss have expressed concern over the possible effect of MACE on an "individual with respiratory diseases" (there is no indication that Hazelton Lab's rhesus monkeys had asthma). One published report charges that the MACE solvent is Dimethylsulfoxide (DMSO), a controversial chemical that has caused damage to major organs of laboratory animals. (In part Ann Arbor suspended MACE because of the DMSO rumor, and the FDA also says it is looking to see if DMSO is in MACE, because that would give the agency some authority over the product.)

Medical authorities point out that sulphur compounds like DMSO give off a noxious odor that is not present in MACE. The company denies that DMSO is in MACE: "a flat lie," says Mr. Boyle. Officials at IDA and the University of Michigan poison control center both suspect that the solvent may be

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a less toxic freon agent. If DMSO is not in MACE it would be to everyone's advantage to know it.

The need for intensive impartial testing is immediate. Dr. G. H. Lowery, head of the UM poison control center points out that "no long-range work has been done that proves there is no eye damage from MACE [the Hazelton test covered only 48 hours]. I think we need a long testing period. After all it took us a long time to find out that smoking causes cancer." Even in the short run, cases like Harrison's are not unique. At least two other Ann Arbor MACE victims, Mrs. Lillian Bond and Thomas Drewery reported serious headache and vision problems five days after being MACEd. And Capt. Walter Hawkins of the Ann Arbor police force who has surveyed the problem reports that a Trenton, N.J., police officer broke out in a rash two weeks ago following use of MACE. "There is no specific antidote for MACE," UM's Dr. Lowery says. Victims can rely only on company prescribed "cold water and plenty of fresh air" as an antidote.

"If bullets have to be used," the University of Michigan's Dr. Innis says, "Mace is a welcome alternative. But if someone just becomes a little sullen then the use of MACE could be improper."

The manufacturer remains confident. "To put it in lawman's terms," says Mr. Boyle, "We can stand a frisk." A 10-year veteran of the Pittsburgh police force before joining GOEC, he adds, "I used it many times as a police sergeant and I didn't give up a career like that for a flash in the pan product."

Indonesia—Blot on the New Order

by Herbert Feith

General Suharto's government of Indonesia, which celebrated its second anniversary on March 11, has made significant progress toward its first objective – political and economic stabilization. The 47-year-old Suharto has tried to stabilize his country's politics by throwing his weight on the side of moderation, encouraging the pendulum to swing back from the extreme anti-communist, anti-Sukarno and anti-Chinese positions which followed the abortive coup of October 1965. He has sought to establish a fairly broad basis for his government, and particularly to conciliate the main non-communist political forces of East and Central Java, ex-President Sukarno's old strongholds. He has thereby disappointed many of his more impatient followers, particularly students and officers from West Java and Sumatra who helped to bring him to power in March 1966 and now chide him for allowing the "New Order" movement to lose momentum, but it has created more stability than Indonesia has had for years.

Inheriting an extremely run-down economy Suharto has pushed through unpopular measures and made them stick. Government expenditures have been drastically cut; tax collection has been made more effective; and the rate of inflation, over 600 percent in 1966, was reduced last year to 135 percent. The battle for economic stabilization has not been won; the future of economic development is still uncertain. But, by comparison with the Sukarno years, government management of the economy is impressive, and there are signs of improved administrative morale.

The Suharto government has, however, done much less than it could to live down the shame that surrounded its birth, the slaughter of probably well over half a million people in the anti-communist holocaust which followed the abortive coup of October 1965. Most of the widows and orphans of that massacre are still pariahs; so are many former members of communist mass organizations. A majority of these are villagers whose political consciousness went no further than the belief that the communists' peasant front could get them land or cheap fertilizer, or schoolteachers who, when their union split into pro- and anti-communist factions, joined the group which more militantly pressed their claims for a pay raise.

In addition, large numbers of those arrested for communist associations are still detained. They are the "GESTAPU-PKI prisoners," a term which suggests that they were involved in either GESTAPU, the "September 30 Movement" which launched the coup of October 1, 1965, or the PKI (Indonesian Communist Party). Very few of them could have been actively involved in the October coup, which was essentially the conspiracy of a small group. The great majority

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are held as members, supporters or alleged supporters of the Communist Party, which was a legal party at the time of their arrest.

On a modest estimate the number of GESTAPU-PKI prisoners is 80,000. The last official total, given by the attorney-general last July, was 55,000. But well-informed persons, inside as well as outside the government, give much higher figures, ranging up to 150,000. Probably over 80 percent of the total are on the island of Java and about 50 percent in the one province of Central Java.

Last November and December I visited 11 camps and jails in Java and Kalimantan (Borneo) where GESTAPU-PKI prisoners are detained, most of them classified as not very dangerous.

The first is a newly built camp on a hill at the edge of a volcano-ringed town in Java, a camp whose atmosphere struck me as remarkably free. The barbed wire around the compound was low, the gate was not closed after my jeep entered. Men and women were conversing, some were laughing. There were four long, high wooden sheds, three for the 250 men, I was told, and a fourth for the 65 women and six children. I saw no beds or other furniture, except an occasional table and chair. But the floors were of cement, rather than mud as was the case elsewhere. The prisoners' belongings hung above their mats; some were largish bundles, and I noticed two badminton racquets. Though poorly dressed, none of the prisoners was actually in rags. But many of them walked slowly and shakily and most of their handshakes were frail.

This camp, I had been told, housed only people whose involvement in the communist movement had been judged to be peripheral; the more serious cases were in another nearby camp, to which I was not admitted. Two-thirds of those in the camp I saw had come from neighboring districts, but there were some from almost every part of Java. A majority were villagers, but there were also teachers, clerks, mechanics, students and street vendors.

When I asked prisoners about food conditions, their faces fell. "Bulgur wheat gruel once a day and a few stalks of *bajem* [a kind of spinach]." According to one warder, about half of them managed to add to this by earnings from work they did outside the camp – tilling and weeding for local farmers, or cleaning barracks and officers' houses in the town – with this additional income benefiting the prisoners as a whole. But the warder stressed that the resulting improvement was small.

Most of the prisoners I spoke to in this camp showed a marked self-respect. All seemed proud when one group sang hymns and other songs for me, including a song one of them had composed. The faces before me seemed sad, but not abject. One prisoner presented me with a statue he had made from coconut shells. The monitor-prisoners with whom I spoke were anything but toadies for the authorities. "The camp has its rules about men and women and contact between them," one told me, "but what is more important is that we prisoners have our own rules."

The atmosphere in the large city jail was very different. Built when Indonesia was still the Netherlands East Indies, this jail is a massive, awesome structure, with high walls and towers and a huge heavy door with barred peephole. Arriving at the door, I saw two sad-faced women leaving enamel pots full of food for their prisoner husbands. Many of the prisoners – 1,600 at the time I was there – wore blue uniforms, with distinctive markings for the "politicals." There was clearly order and routine but the order seemed that of a morgue. Nearly all of the hundreds of prisoners I saw as I walked through the many alleys and courtyards were just squatting and staring vacantly ahead. Work was in progress in two of the sheds; I could hear the clacking of wooden looms. But my overwhelming impression was of inactivity, of frail bodies, listless spirits.

The prisoners lined up for their food at 12:30 to receive one small soup ladle of boiled corn kernels and another of watery soup – unsalted, as I found when I tried it. "This is what we get, this and nothing more, day in and day out," one plucky woman called out to me, "usually once a day and twice when we are lucky." The embarrassed prison warder smiled awkwardly and bade me walk faster.

The deputy chief warder was a gentle man, and his sense of professional standards remained strong: "We should, of course, have work for them all here, especially as they are not allowed to work outside. But we have neither the machinery, nor the raw materials, nor the space. And the budget the government gives us is a fraction of what we need. A year ago there was still quite a lot of food coming in from the prisoners' families, but that is now down to a trickle. . . . At least we have been able to organize help from some of the town doctors in the last few months, and that has helped slow down the rate of death. Six months ago it was up to six a day."

A third place of detention I visited was a prison at a district capital on Java's north coast, which also served as the center of a network of seven "working camps" of political prisoners (40 to 120 men each) in the surrounding sub-districts. There were 120 political prisoners among the 205 inmates, but all of these were away on outside construction work when I was there. I had heard a good deal earlier about the work gangs of GESTAPU-PKI prisoners. They had repaired long

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stretches of road in several parts of Java, I had been told; and, though they were mostly under only light guard, escapes from the gangs were extremely rare. But what the prison officer at this district capital told me gave me a new idea of the scale of their work: "This town square was weeds and rubbish till we got the political prisoners to pave it. And that house over there, the chief prosecutor's, was all built by prison labor. . . . That high school, that is their work, and that mosque that you can see going up at the other end of the market. They are helping with the Catholic Church at the other end of the town, too. . . . It is not really hard to get work out of them if you push them."

Most of the camp and jail officials had to that point talked in a tone which suggested at least a degree of concern for the welfare of their charges. But the officer I spoke to at the district capital was harsh. "We here have learned that it does not pay to be lenient. These communists are acting docile now, but they are sly and they are clever. . . . Anyway they are lucky they are here and not somewhere else. There aren't any political prisoners over in East Java. Those people were all finished off over there."

After seeing the large city jail, I had reflected that nothing could be much worse than enforced idleness and starvation rations. Prisoners working outside their places of detention must surely be better off, I thought – if only because those who disposed of their labor had an interest in keeping them minimally fit. The visit to the district capital did not reverse that impression. But it set my mind wondering about the wealth of racketeering opportunities to which the work gang situation could give rise.

There are less unpleasant tales to tell of several of the other camps. In one small town I heard of prisoners walking through the market in small casual groups. In another the local public hospital makes beds available for them. There are places where political prisoners are occasionally entertained, groups of them being permitted to attend a *wayang* puppet performance.

But I did not see any of the camps where the prisoners regarded as most dangerous are held. What can one assume about conditions there? What of Nusakambangan, the island off Java's south coast, which has been a penal colony since the days of the Dutch, and where there are now reported to be 7,000 to 8,000 political prisoners, dying at a rapid rate? Outsiders are occasionally allowed to go to this island, but they may only visit the camps for the criminals, not those of the politicals. And what of Pekalongan in North Central Java, the most feared of them all, of which it was recently reported that shooting of inmates, a fairly widespread phenomenon two years ago, was still going on.

If cruelty and neglect are the two principal evils which prisoners must endure, the one from which they suffer most is neglect. In Kalimantan as well as Java, where political prisoners live in the same compound as criminals, I was told that food rations for the former were lower. At a time when 200 Indonesian rupiahs were worth one US dollar, most of the prisons and camps I saw were officially receiving food allocations of Rp2.50 per inmate; and many of the local camp heads I spoke to complained that not even this was coming through. Some of them said they were able to provide prisoners with 200 grams a day, of corn, bulgur wheat, cassava, sweet potato or some combination of these (which would mean the barest minimum of carbohydrate needs, and next to no protein). Others told me they could do no better than 100 grams.

Where significant numbers of prisoners do work outside their camps, the authorities can usually persuade the employers to supplement their official food budget; some even manage to provide rice, the cereal valued most highly, and small quantities of grated coconut to go with it. But there are apparently several tens of thousands of prisoners who are given no outside work. Some are kept alive by relatives who bring food once a week or once a month. Others have no family near to where they are detained, or only ones who have exhausted the last of their reserves.

Similarly the government provides only the most minimal medical care. The monthly drug allowance is Rp.30 per prisoner – or $1 for a jail or camp of 2,000! In some places, I saw a doctor from the local public hospital would visit occasionally, and in others there was a doctor among the inmates who was allowed to examine fellow-prisoners. But drugs were almost unavailable, except in a few places where the camp commander had good personal relations with the local hospital head or where a religious group arranged for some aid. Tuberculosis, dysentery and a variety of skin and eye diseases are common.

One surprising feature of the camps is the absence of political indoctrination, or de-indoctrination. Military officers give occasional lectures on the state ideology, I was told, but these have become rarer and rarer, and no representatives from civilian agencies of the government have been sent in to put the case for General Suharto's New Order.

On the whole the battle against communist ideas has been left to the various religious groups – Muslim, Catholic and Protestant. Government leaders have repeatedly stressed that all Indonesians should be actively religious; and, as far as the political prisoners are concerned, extirpating atheism is seen as a principal means of redeeming them for the political com-

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munity of the New Order. So the Army has sent in Muslim and Christian chaplains to the camps to give instruction, and in several areas civilian religious functionaries have been encouraged to go in as well.

In several of the jails and camps I visited, representatives of religious organizations were the only outsiders the prisoners saw, and Bibles and Korans the only form of reading they were allowed. Religious instructors often provided minimal liaison between prisoners and their families.

The optimists among the local Muslim and Christian leaders I talked to, argued that most of the prisoners had never been communists in any but the most superficial sense, and that communism, inasmuch as it had been their religion, had failed them. Thus many of them were now serious in their search for new meaning in their lives. "And anyway," as one Reformed minister said, "if and when they are released, they will keep well away from any political activity that could land them back in jail. So they have every reason to cast about for an alternative source of religious faith."

The pessimists were inclined to take the prisoners' commitment to communism more seriously. "Look at the solidarity you see in the camps. Look at the authority those real communists enjoy. How many of our assiduous Bible-readers and Koran-quoters will ever take a stand against the more strongly communist-minded of their fellow-prisoners. Some maybe, but those are mainly the opportunists." Perhaps closest to the truth was the Muslim intellectual in Djakarta. "These men are not choosing between communism and Islam; they are stubbornly refusing to choose either to the exclusion of the other. They are in fact serious about both, and waiting for time and fate to resolve the issue."

Officially there are three categories of GESTAPU-PKI prisoners. Group A, sometimes called "hard-core," comprises those said to be awaiting a public trial. Last July their number was stated to be 4,700. However, less than 30 have been brought to trial thus far. (All but one were sentenced to death, but only four of the condemned have been executed, so far as is known.) Trials are, of course, expensive, and there is little expectation that anything like 4,700 persons will go through the forms of a legal process.

Group B members are sometimes described as the ones about whom government agencies have not made up their mind. They are scheduled to be "exiled." Some have interpreted this to mean that those now in Java will be transported to another island – Kalimantan (Borneo) and West Irian have been mentioned – and put on military work projects. Another interpretation has it that "exile" may be a euphemism for long-term imprisonment without trial. The attorney-general last July said there were 6,010 in this category.

Group C consists of prisoners whom the government has classified as not enough involved in the communist movement to justify long-term detention. In December 1966 the central government called for the members of this group to be released as soon as local social and political conditions permitted it. This call was reaffirmed at a meeting of top-level regional administrators last July.

Concern for the early release of the Group C prisoners reflects the fear of some national government leaders that the camps may actually be serving as centers of communist indoctrination, that prisoners who were previously only slightly influenced by communist ideas may be growing into more thoroughly convinced communists as a result of exposure to the ideas of the fellow prisoners. In addition, several government leaders are worried by the costs of keeping up so many camps. Others are swayed by humanitarian arguments. Few now argue, as many did 18 months ago, that Group C prisoners would be in physical danger if released.

In point of fact, however, the process of releasing Group C prisoners has been slow. Indeed, from what camp and prison officials told, a sizable number of prisoners have yet been finally classified as B or C. My estimate is that no more than 25,000 have been released since July 1967. Moreover, a significant number freed in the 18 months after the mass arrests of late 1965 have been rearrested in the past year. And there have been numerous new arrests in the last 12 months, apparently of people whom the local authorities regard as troublemakers, and on whom the communist label could be pinned.

I asked a number of officials and political figures in Djakarta why prisoners were being released so slowly. Was it feared that too rapid release might create a real security problem? The answer was usually "no." Where local military commanders have dragged their feet, it has not been because of doubts about their capacity to keep a check on former captives, my Djakarta sources said, but rather because of political caution. The local commanders have feared denunciation by militant Muslims and other political groups whose hatred for the communists still burns with a white heat. In addition, releases of Group C men would hamper construction and road repair. In other instances, more personal interests are at stake, as where a group of prisoners are working for next to no pay on the farm of a camp official's brother, or where guards are able to insist on "tips" from a prisoner's relative for arranging to deliver food safely to an inmate.

For the prisoner who is released new problems arise.

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If he comes from a village he may be reluctant to go home – afraid not of physical molestation but of being a social pariah. He may have no choice but to return to his village. But if he has a city relative not too far away from whom he can hope to get temporary shelter, he is likely to make his way there. If he came from a city or town he is almost certain to return there. In village and town alike, pariah status makes it hard to find work. Almost every position in a government agency or sizable private firm requires a "certificate of non-involvement in the coup," and such a certificate is almost impossible for the ex-prisoner to obtain. Unskilled labor is not so hard to find in the relatively sparsely populated areas outside Java, towns and villages alike, but in Java, the home of most of the prisoners and ex-detainees, it, too, is extremely scarce. In Java, therefore, a large number of released prisoners ask their families for old pieces of clothing, old magazines, or other household discards, and use these as capital with which to start life again as peddlers or roadside vendors.

Most Indonesian newspaper readers know little of all this. The Indonesian press has featured exposés of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment under Sukarno. But it has carried very little on the political detainees of today, beyond statements by military commanders that a batch of Group C prisoners had been released, and occasional denunciations of these releases by local politicians. At times a courageous journalist and editor has published a newspaper article or short story about the suffering of the widows and orphans who survived the massacres. But on the subject of conditions in the jails and camps the public silence has been almost complete.

The Suharto government affirms that it is reestablishing the rule of law. It has undoubtedly laid some of the foundations for this. Many forms of criticism which were not tolerated under Sukarno are now common. Legality has triumphed over arbitrary power in one or two important cases where the attempt was made to silence annoying critics – most notably the temporary arrest this January of Yap Thiam Hien, the Chinese-Indonesian lawyer who had defended Sukarno's old former Foreign Minister, Dr. Subandrio. But law and reality are still far apart in the matter of the political prisoners.

McCarthy and Kennedy

Some Very Personal Reflections

by David Riesman

I was never a great Adlai Stevenson man. In early summer, 1960, I wrote a short contribution to a symposium in *Liberation* magazine explaining why I was in favor of John F. Kennedy's candidacy, and thought Stevenson's appeal more to the salons than to serious politics – a view which in retrospect seems harsh, but not unfair. Correspondingly, I did not regard Eugene McCarthy's nominating speech for Stevenson in 1960 as appealing; I thought it sentimental and wrong. But there is little else in what I know of Senator McCarthy which I would regard with similar disfavor. There is a tendency in all of us, to which Andrew Hacker has pointed in his *Commentary* article on McCarthy, to read ourselves into a candidate we "need," and hence on the part of some of his following, to see him as more radical than he is. Conversely, if a candidate as a human being seems attractive, reasonable and judicious, many conservatives and pro-war voters may believe that he couldn't possibly hold what they would think of as outrageous views. As a senator from one of the Mountain States once said to me, if my constituents knew what I was really like (which in fact the right wing keeps telling them) they would throw me out. McCarthy has the advantage of being an unequivocal person, whose record is not one of sharp delineations and polemics.

I had met Mr. McCarthy in the course of talking with a number of senators about one of the periodic Berlin crises in 1961, and felt then that his grasp of cold war issues was free of the need for self-justification which so often compels men who want to think

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of themselves as good and courageous men to tailor their views to what seems politically feasible in a congressional and national climate. The College of St. Thomas, where he taught sociology and economics, is in all likelihood the best Catholic college run by a diocese rather than a teaching order; it has been characterized by an ecumenical spirit which McCarthy notably shares. Not given to obfuscation, reflective and dispassionate, McCarthy is an academic man in the best sense, without that tinge of self-hatred which leads so many of us in the United States to show we are tough guys, totally hip.

In the early weeks, when challenged as to why I was supporting an apparently hopeless candidate by friends with a greater claim to realism, my inclination was to say that I was trying to show the Republicans that there were votes to be gained by espousing a less chauvinistic foreign policy. Nixon seemed clearly intelligent enough to appreciate this, regardless of the dangerous stand he himself had taken in 1954, along with Admiral Radford, happily vetoed by Messrs. Eisenhower, Ridgway and Lyndon Johnson, but he would undoubtedly be handicapped by the conservative backers to whom he has continued to appeal. And Nelson Rockefeller, then still a potential candidate, though more ideological than Nixon and something of a patrician in the Teddy Roosevelt tradition, as had been evident in the civil defense controversy, might be persuaded that American will and *noblesse oblige* could be tested elsewhere than in Southeast Asia. Before McCarthy, I had supported the possibility of General Gavin's candidacy, on the premise that it took a Republican general to come in and make peace, as in 1952. In these reflections, I did not give a thought to Robert Kennedy.

The day he entered the race, I was in Atlanta, once again being impressed with the military temper of many Southerners, and the passionate hatred so many of them have for Robert Kennedy and "the Kennedys" – for his civil rights role as attorney general, for his unchivalric rudeness, and perhaps in a lingering way for his ethnicity. I talk, of course, of white Southerners, and mostly elderly ones, for when Robert Kennedy was at the University of Alabama several years ago, the students showed their rejection of much that is traditionally Southern by welcoming him enthusiastically; indeed, it was they who had invited him. (They did the same thing again just the other day.) White young Southerners – in this case increasingly joined by young blacks – often admire the somewhat anarchic qualities the Latin Americans refer to as *machismo* – and they may see in Robert Kennedy a warrior and athlete in their own tradition, even while they are rejecting that tradition.

But my first thought was how the students and colleagues that I knew (including our children), who had been working for McCarthy, canvassing in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, would react to the Kennedy candidacy with what might be called a cult of anti-personality – a purist rejection of what they regard as opportunism, as being "merely" a politician. All my life as a teacher, I have fought against snobbery toward and rejection of politicians, being old enough to have been influenced by Lincoln Steffens, and regarding "politician" and "bureaucrat" as useful neutral words which should never be used as epithets. For me, since 1945, the main issue has always been the avoidance of nuclear annihilation, and I have been willing to subordinate all other good causes, including the fight for civil rights and against poverty and injustice, to the aim of making it possible to deal with these latter evils within a future on which mankind could count. Hence I did not want to see a chance of ending the war in Vietnam, with its enormous actual damage and its potentially even greater damage to the planet, and of course to the Vietnamese and to our-

Why I'm for McCarthy

I feel no competence or longing to take on the burden of a political logician or polemicist. Of the announced or seriously offered Democratic or Republican candidates, only Senators Kennedy and McCarthy seem morally or intellectually allowable. Of these McCarthy is preferable, first for his negative qualities: lack of excessive charisma, driving ambition, machinelike drive, and the too great wish to be President. But I am for him most for what he possesses, his variable, tolerant and courageous mind, lungs that breathe the air. When the race against President Johnson was hopeless and intractable, he alone hoped, entered and won.

To this I would like to add an unpublished poem by Eugene McCarthy which says much the same thing, though somewhat more imagistically:

Tamarack

The Tamarack tree is the saddest tree of all;
it is the first tree to invade the swamp,
and when it makes the soil dry enough,
the other trees come and kill it.
It is very much abused.
It cannot grow in shade,
is put upon by parasite growths:
witches' broom and the dwarf mistletoe.

ROBERT LOWELL

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selves, shortcut by petulant refusal to work for the man who might turn out to be the stronger of the two candidates launched against the President. (Naturally, holding the view I do of politicians, I consider the scurrilous attacks on President Johnson prior to his withdrawal from the race as a minor tragedy in the major tragedy of his own self-undoing in Vietnam, for which the advisers who surrounded him when he took office, and who overcame his then reluctance, must bear considerable burden. Even highly intelligent Americans find it hard to keep more than one idea in mind at a single time; obsessed, as the President and his Administration have been by the Vietnam war, his antics tend to belittle his impressive domestic accomplishments, for example in education and race – feats of creative compassion most unusual in an upwardly mobile man; most such "self-made" successes kick down the ladder by which they themselves have risen.)

However, as I reflected on the actual possibilities of nominating and then electing a dissenting Democrat, I came to feel that if Senator McCarthy could be nominated, he stood a better chance against Nixon than Robert Kennedy would. While it is true that all geological strata coexist in American politics, it is also true that the old ethnic and regional alliances have become unstuck, and that the parties are losing their hold on an increasingly fluid and unsettled electorate. If we assume that the war may go no better, and perhaps worse, in Vietnam, and that there will be increasing divisiveness at home, a restive population could well turn, in a mood of vindictive backlash, to Nixon or even Ronald Reagan. It would be unlikely to be drawn to an impetuous Kennedy, for whom the less reflective white and black students are enthusiastic, and who becomes tense and edgy under pressure. Since many in his following already regard him as a betrayer because he did not enter the campaign earlier, and since he shares enough of their outlook to be defensive, he begins under the cloud of having to explain things away, nor will it be easy for him to make clear, as the campaign proceeds, why he wanted President Johnson in 1964 to make him our ambassador to Saigon. In a paradoxical way, a nervous country will find his charisma a mixed blessing, and may be drawn to the more staid and less flashy, yet not solemn, manner of Senator McCarthy.

Without television, such a shift of opinion would be inconceivable: in the West, for example, McCarthy is almost unknown, and without extensive television exposure, McCarthy is unlikely to get anywhere in California. Kennedy already has more delegate support in the non-primary states. He is used to running a campaign organization; McCarthy, no team player, is not. It would have meant an enormous sacrifice of Kennedy momentum for the latter to have enlisted in McCarthy's still small army, and to have put his connections and prestige behind another man when in fact, given his desire to become President, it always seemed unwise for Kennedy to wait with the assumption that there would be a 1972 and that things would take their regular course in this unpredictable world.

Yet the summer may indeed take its regular and expected course, and we may have a choice of Humphrey or Nixon, with the latter sending out private notices that he can reconcile America, as he is capable of doing in terms of expediency, but perhaps not in terms of enduring political affiliations. But I also think that McCarthy presents a very long chance for this country to have a distinguished President; he has learned and grown visibly even in the course of his campaign, and has taken strength from the young people around him without in any way making concessions to their narcissism on the one side, or their dangerous purity on the other. He has responded to their idealism without flattering them; he has made stringent demands on them, illustrated by the young women who forced themselves to go out and canvass in working-class neighborhoods in New Hampshire, where they were not always gently received – arguably the young men whom he got to shave for peace made an even greater sacrifice. There are now millions of Americans who have attended college and appreciate McCarthy's style; his academic wit and prose are not off-putting – on the contrary. At the same time, older people can respond to his serenity, provided that they regard the country as being in a critical state.

There are not many farmers left in America, but there are many people who come from rural backgrounds and who share more traditional values who would find McCarthy more appropriate as a President than Robert Kennedy. I do not believe President Johnson could throw enough support to Vice President Humphrey to nominate the latter, even if Kennedy and McCarthy should continue to divide the many-hued anti-Johnson vote right up to the time of the convention. (There is a tragedy there, too, for Humphrey's idealism has been engaged by the Vietnam war in a very Rostowian way, rather than by expedient but emotionally uninvolved obedience to the position of the Commander-in-Chief.) However, in the light of President Johnson's continuing rivalry, both with John and Robert Kennedy, and the bitter enmity between him and the latter, the President's support for a McCarthy candidacy is more probable than for a Kennedy candidacy – and McCarthy might win the election if Kennedy in turn supported him. All this has led me to conclude that we must beware not only of the cult of anti-personality among the McCarthy fans, but of that of personality among the Kennedy fans.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Zero and Others

Zero Mostel is not an actor, he is a one-man theatre, complete in almost every regard. Comedy, pathos, pantomime, impersonation, satire, song, and dance – yes, graceful dance – Mostel can do them all. He works by impulse and inspiration (to judge by seeing him successive nights on the stage), which may make him difficult to work *with*, and he overflows so

The Producers (Embassy)
And There Came a Man (Brandon)
Benjamin (Paramount)

spontaneously that he is unable to stay within the confines of a role even when he is good in it. But Mostel and a bare stage equal a well-stocked theatre.

Almost. What he lacks in his internal repertory company is a judicious director, an editor, even for his Overflow Method. And this lack is precisely what has not been supplied in his two starring films. *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* was directed by Richard Lester, a Mostel of the camera, who figuratively battled his star for the spotlight. Now Zero has had a different kind of bad luck in his new film *The Producers*. This director was another, though lesser, funny performer, Mel Brooks, who also wrote the script. Here there is no contest, as with Lester: Brooks is clearly not Mostel's director but his fan. All Zero's possibilities for excess have been encouraged. Worse, Brooks has the same kind of wild improvisatory humor and seems almost to be using Mostel as vicar. The star not only indulges himself gluttonously, but the director seems to be doubled up with laughter at how funny *he* is being through Mostel; and the film bloats into sogginess.

I am not suggesting that a humorless director would have saved the picture. Jerome Robbins is not humorless, but he evoked Mostel's best New York performance in *Fiddler on the Roof* (and it is reported that Robbins' last-minute ministrations saved the stage production of *Forum*, which was credited to another director). Robbins conducted Mostel, he didn't constrict him; and Mostel benefited by it. No such benefit here.

The film is about a faded Broadway producer who seizes an idea innocently mentioned by an innocent young accountant. The pair sell twenty-five thousand percent of a show to gullible investors – rich old ladies; then they choose a play so terrible that it must fail. Thus they will never have to repay investments, can declare total loss, and can pocket total profit. (This trick was allegedly used by a producer, who still operates, to keep him going through lean years.) But, by bad luck, the carefully selected flop turns out to be a hit, and the producer and accountant are stuck.

Brooks was not only infatuated with Mostel but with his own script. First of all, his plot makes it necessary for him – in addition to trying for a hit with *The Producers* itself – to supply an *extra* hit, which is the climax of the plot. This is the second time in a month that a film has required a piggy-back hit (the other was *"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia!"*), and in neither case is it remotely credible that the hero's hit would *be* a hit. Brooks' "interior" show is called *Springtime for Hitler*, and it doesn't even rise to the level of tastelessness.

The character of the playwright, a patchily disguised ex-Nazi, is badly written, overextended, and poorly played by Kenneth Mars. And even within the loose ground rules of fantasy-farce, it seems odd that the Nazi is oblivious to the Jewishness of his producers. Brooks lacks tact, too, in his handling of the accountant, named Leo Bloom. (The name is ostensibly an inside joke, doubly inside because Mostel once played Bloom in a stage adaptation of *Ulysses*.) Gene Wilder is Brooks' Bloom, and Brooks pushes Wilder's hysteria over the edge of comedy into – well, into hysteria.

The next time Mostel makes a film I hope it won't be with friends.

A coincidence. Last week I discussed *Accatone* by Pasolini, one of the gifted Italian directors who revived neorealism at the beginning of this decade. Another was Ermanno Olmi, who made *A Sound of Trumpets* and *The Fiancés;* this week we get a new film by Olmi. *And There Came a Man*, made in 1965, is now presented here in time for Easter.

Olmi is a devout Catholic and wanted to pay tribute to the life and death of Pope John XXIII. But he wanted to take the film out of straight religious-chromo hagiolatry. He conceived the idea of a "mediator" – a one-man chorus who addresses us, walks through the childhood and youth scenes, and, still in mufti, "stands in" for the protagonist in the adult scenes. The film was made on location, from Bergamo to Istanbul. Newsreel sequences and stills are used, and there is an opening helicopter shot of the dome of St. Peter's that seemed to me a leftover from the prologue to *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. (That prologue was directed by Vincenzo Labella, who is Olmi's co-author and producer on this picture.)

The aim of all these devices is warmth, to stimulate the imagination by refusing to be stolidly reportorial. Unfortunately it does not work. Partly this is because Rod Steiger, who is the mediator, is by turns doughy and airy. Partly because the picture is badly dubbed – into British English. (Even Steiger's recording of his own lines is sometimes out of sync.) Mostly it is because nothing of John's special quality is conveyed. This could be the biography of any devout and capable cleric who rose through the ranks. Only one sequence, from a newsreel, showing the Pope's visit to the Rome city jail soon after his election, conveys John and no one else. The very uniqueness that attracted Olmi to his subject is not in his film; and his film would not be worth discussing – would be just one more parish-hall item – if it were not by Olmi.

(Continued on page 37)

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More on Negro Writing

The mail elicited by my review several weeks ago of Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* has been heavy enough for me to feel justified in going back to it. The letters were about evenly divided for and against, but the negative ones all made a criticism which I think it's important to deal with. The whole issue of Negro writing and white criticism is enormously significant, in its own right and for what it may tell us about some changing conditions of writing, thought and imagination.

I wrote that I knew I was likely to be misunderstood, for I was presenting a quite radical and potentially unsettling idea: that white critics have not the right to make judgments on a certain kind of Negro writing, which I was careful to distinguish from what might be called "writing by Negroes," in the same way that Southern or Jewish writing may be distinguished from writing by Southerners or Jews. In refusing to pass judgment on certain essays and personal statements by Cleaver, a former prisoner and current Black Power spokesman, I argued that his writing, like *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, was not intended for me but was an act of creation and definition of the self on the part of a Negro who, as a measure of the wound and dissociation in our society, was estranged from me and other whites, had some new and different values and impulses and lived now across an abyss not bridgeable by simple good-will or by independent, "disinterested" intellectual criteria.

The misunderstanding on the part of my critics was, just as I had feared, almost complete, and took the form in nearly every case of the accusation that I had "subverted the very notion of criticism" itself. This phrase is from a letter by the sociologist Lewis Coser of Brandeis University, who went on to say that by the "standards" I had set up I "could not assess the writings, say, of Jean Genet," since I am "presumably neither a thief nor a homosexual," and that I "could scarcely write about Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*," since I "am not a woman and hence [don't] know what it means to menstruate."

The first thing I want to say to Dr. Coser, whom I will regard as my representative critic, is that, as he riskily assumed, I *am* a non-larcenous male heterosexual and as such am shut out in certain essential ways from Genet's universe of crime and homosexuality (as from his Frenchness, his status as a famous writer, his being 58 years old, and so on) and from Miss Lessing's life as a woman. We are all excluded from one another in ways like these, and criticism (of any kind) has never depended on our not being so. There are several crucial points to make in regard to all this, and I am grateful to Professor Coser for so handsomely setting up the opportunity for me to attempt them.

To begin with, both Genet and Miss Lessing are imaginative writers who produce *fictions*, however autobiographical these may appear, works of literary art whose governing impulses are aesthetic, not psychological or sociological or political. Like other writers, they may and do put to use what they know themselves to be – criminal or invert or woman – but this, if they are true artists, will emerge as data, constituent, ground or presence, never as "subject." When I enter the world of their fictions I encounter these psychological or social or biological materials, and it is precisely through the work's function as art that I am enabled to overcome much prior separation, to slip past, as though by a ruse, the barriers of exclusion that make up an existential fact.

But I have not overcome physical or ontological separation. For this world of fiction, Genet's, Miss Lessing's or any other writer's, is merely (miraculous understatement) a *possible* world, an artifice, a creation, not a report on an actual state of affairs, not *the truth*, and judgment therefore rests on how successfully the writer has established this possibility, what authority his vision has. I am put by this authority in the presence of the writer's imagination, and it is this movement, a matter of analogical process, by which I draw closer and escape exclusion, at the same time as I am left with no more knowledge in the cognitive sense than I had before.

If Genet's or Miss Lessing's writing works for me as literature, it isn't because I now know more about homosexuality or what it's like to be a woman. Actually, I now know less, in a strange, merciful sense. And this is because I have had my otherwise invincible structure of inevitably and inherently wrong ideas about homosexuality or womanness (inevitably wrong precisely because I am not these other persons and my ideas are a means of *warding off* their differences) replaced by the only form of knowledge that truly breaks down barriers, the knowledge of another person's imagination as it refashions the materials of the world in a work of art. This is what we really mean by communication, and when it is happening it hits against the stupid pride we have in our ostensible knowledge of the world, to which art is forever restoring the strangeness and unexpectedness that the habit of life is always destroying.

Judgment doesn't, then, rest on how accurately the writer has described or "captured" (a favorite word of utility-minded and predatory critics) the milieu, or lineaments or significance of the particular condition; in some final and decisive sense literary works have nothing to do, *as literature*, with the particularities of their instigation, with the places where writers start. Thus Proust's fiction leaves homosexual love behind, Faulkner's leaves the South, Conrad's the sea, Joyce's Dublin and Hemingway's virility or honor – to reveal these scenes or subjects as pretexts. For what is being sought is a fiction, an increment to the known world, and a corrective to it.

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indeed be evaluated by homosexuals or thieves or women, but the latter would not be functioning as literary critics (or even as proper readers) if they were to address themselves to the pretexts, to praise or damn, say, *The Miracle of the Rose* or *The Golden Notebook* on sexual or moral or feminist grounds. (It goes without saying that we have plenty of purported literary critics who do just this kind of thing, without even the justification – on that level – of claiming kinship with a writer in one or another condition of specific being.) And by the same token, deprivation of homosexual or female being is no disqualification when I come to judge, to respond to, Genet's or Miss Lessing's work any more than my not being French or English is, although being American may of course make me lose some nuances and subtleties.

But *not being a Negro* is, I argued in my Cleaver review, just such a disqualification when it is a matter of judging a kind of writing in which one's condition is not a pretext, not the raw material for art, but the very subject of the work, and when the work, furthermore, has been instituted as a reply, a counterstatement to those ideas of universal value which we (whites) of the West have for so long been propagating and into which, for all their radical inversions, Genet's writings easily fit.

Cleaver's book seemed to me to fall into that category of new objects, books written with obvious and inescapable debts to Western literacy, to the prevailing and, for anyone in the West, only traditions of organizing thought and experience, but also with an almost wholly new morale and subversive intention – to propound new values and new myths for Negroes, in the face of white monopoly of values and myths. Such books are Malcolm X's autobiography and Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth.*

Writing about the colonial world in his introduction to Fanon's book, Jean-Paul Sartre describes a change of consciousness and attitude on the part of black Africans which was the forerunner of what has lately been happening here:

> "A new generation came on the scene. . . . With unbelievable patience, its writers and poets tried to explain to us that our values and the true facts of their lives did not hang together, and that they could neither reject them completely nor assimilate them. By and large, what they were saying was this: 'You are making us into monstrosities; your humanism claims we are at one with the rest of humanity, but your racist methods set us apart'."

Fanon is even more explicit about the sundering that has taken place between white and black consciousness and ways of looking at the world:

> "The colonialist bourgeoisie, in its narcissistic dialogue, expounded by the members of its universities, had in fact deeply implanted in the minds of the colonized intellectuals that the essential qualities remain eternal, in spite of all the blunders men may make: the essential qualities of the West, of course. The native intellectual accepted the cogency of these ideas, and deep down in his brain you could always find a vigilant sentinel ready to defend the Graeco-Roman pedestal. Now it so happens that during the struggle for liberation, at the moment that the native intellectual comes into touch again with his people, this artificial sentinel is turned into dust. All the Mediterranean values – the triumph of the human individual, of clarity and of beauty – become lifeless, colorless knicknacks. All those speeches seem like collections of dead words; those values which seemed to uplift the soul are revealed as worthless, simply because they have nothing to do with the concrete conflict in which the people is engaged."

In my original essay I argued for a suspension of judgment – more specifically a moratorium on the public act of judgment – in the light of the phenomena Fanon was talking about. And Fanon, who wrote about societies which were literally colonial or had just recently been, so that the colonial mentality was still strong, is extraordinarily relevant. In far more than a metaphorical sense American Negroes

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are a "colonial" people (it is the coherence they find with their own experience that make Fanon's reflections on Africa so useful and inspiriting a book to the leaders of the black revolution here), and we whites who subscribe to all those Mediterranean values which have become so nearly empty but which we continue to offer all underdogs as though they were immediately convertible into food or housing, or into automatic self-respect, we whites who go on making empty gestures are, vis-à-vis the Negroes, the ruling class, the imperialists.

This is why our vocabularies of rational discourse are so different now from Black Americans' (when a subject people finds its voice at last, it has to be different from the masters'). This is why certain books by Negroes seem written in a new language and are not therefore for us, why the fact that they are not for us is so threatening to our historical belief in the universality of ideas and values. In all the letters I received from white readers there was evident an anxiety, which mostly expressed itself as anger, over the threat I had posed, or revealed, to tradition, to the ways in which judgments have always been made and so to the very principle of judgment, or criticism, as that which allows us to distinguish for the militant purposes of our culture among the multifarious phenomena that minds and imaginations are constantly throwing up. Beneath the statements about my abandonment of critical procedure, my surrender to . . . what? pressure? guilt? . . . there seemed to me to exist a strong and menaced belief in the powers of critical method, that analytic sword which the West has so actively brandished, for keeping us from chaos and disaster.

It is a faith I share. If I didn't share it, I wouldn't have taken the risk of seeming to support an anti-intellectual position in order to turn such powers as I possess to the analysis of a situation broader than the problems of style and statement in a particular book. But my belief in the power and necessity of criticism is tempered by my awareness of the constant danger of what Kierkegaard called the "deadlock" which can result from a persistence in the habits of reflection and criticism, which try to turn the world into manageable and categorical realities. The deadlock is reached when the critical mind insists so vehemently on the primacy of its activity that it ends by "transforming the capacity for action into a means of escape from action."

This is what I think is happening, and will go on happening to our deeper injury, as long as we refuse to recognize that we can no longer talk to Negroes, or Negroes to us, in the traditional humanistic ways. The old Mediterranean values – the belief in the sanctity of the individual soul, the importance of logical clarity, brotherhood, reason as arbiter, political order, community – are dead as *useful* frames of reference or pertinent guides to procedure; they are even making some of us sick with a sense of lacerating irony.

To look at each other now in this country, black and white, across a gulf of separate speeches, gestures, intentions, hopes, is more *reasonable* than

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to go on insisting that Negroes or any other group have got to be enrolled under the ancient Western humanist flags, so that progress can be guaranteed and chaos averted. Fanon writes:

> "The natives' challenge to the colonial world is not a rational confrontation of points of view. It is not a treatise on the universal, but the untidy affirmation of an original idea propounded as an absolute."

When an idea is made into an absolute, we may see it is being fashioned into a myth. The new myths (of which Fanon's own books which among other things document and describe the process of myth-making, are themselves examples) may share in Western, white literary and intellectual procedures, but are not subject to being brought into the critical arena and there dispatched or pardoned. Such themes or myths as Black Power, Negro sexual superiority, white decadence, Negro eschatology, the white man as devil, the inheritance of the earth not by the meek but by the outraged, have no basis, in *the concrete reality* that faces us, for being analyzed, criticized, turned into abstract, sound or unsound theory. They are "untidy affirmations," and they are to be encountered by us, in all the mysterious and frightening ways this has to happen, without recourse to the mouldering Western arsenal of brilliant clarifying intellectual weapons from which we have always felt ourselves supplied.

The rejoinder may be made that what I have been saying adds up to something very near that kind of fanatically Marxist (or any other type of rigidly sectarian) approach to events by which truth is defined as that which serves the cause. But I am not asking us to subvert truth in this way. I am saying that I don't know what truth for Negroes is, that I don't wish any longer to presume to know, that I am willing to stand back and listen, *without comment*, to these new and self-justifying voices. And I am also saying that something has happened to our means of gaining access to human truth, of which the Black Revolution is only one sign and factor, that demands of us an unprecedented effort to get past the deadlock, in order for reflection and thought to become again a springboard for action and not an occlusion.

A Kane's-eye view of 'Europe's Other Half'

In this newest of his "A to Z" series, Bob Kane opens the curtain — wide: beds are frequently too narrow but bikinis are happily synonymous with beaches ...Czechs can be bores but Poles perky . . . Americans and Russians are similarly gregarious, sensitive, fun-loving. Here it is — Romania's muraled monasteries, Hungary's still-great cuisine, Bulgaria's new Riviera, Yugoslavia's East-West mélange, Ulbricht's Berlin — a characteristically unvarnished Kane appraisal, from politics to packing, hotels to handicrafts, Moscow to the Moldau.

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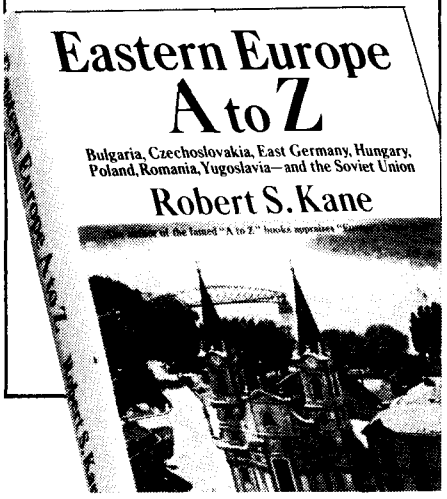
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Robert S. Kane

The Limits of Irony

by Murray Kempton

Walter Goodman begins his rich and useful chronicle of the first 30 years of the House Committee on Un-American Activities with a tribute from Henry Mencken to America's delights as a clown show. Mencken endures as a model for his juniors most of all, I think, because he instructs us in an appreciation of the absurd as the essential resource for enduring the sight, the sound and the printed transcript of what would otherwise be the unbearable tedium of our politics.

The Committee
by Walter Goodman
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

An historian of matters like these must be able to suffer fools gladly. This capacity has sustained Goodman across acres of printed material – a list of HUAC publications covers 24 pages of his appendix – and brought him home with a marvelous bag of the foolish and the malignant.

He appears to have succeeded not merely in rendering unnecessary any future history of the Committee but in convincing us, by his skill, patience and zest, that a history was necessary in the first place. Most of us were numbed by this institution a long time ago, and it is an extraordinary achievement of Goodman's to continually rouse us to a vivid sense of its life.

That life turns out to have been less isolated from our own history than we had lately thought. Since the passion of the Committee was to get itself noticed, it has always attached itself, however vagrantly, to whatever a great many Americans have been worrying about in one period or another – the CIO in the thirties, the Japanese during the war and communist spies after it, the alienated young now. The Committee turns out always to have been part of the panorama, like the dwarfs Veronese insisted on painting into the Sacred Company at the feast in the House of Levi.

Goodman's chosen method is irony, the most workmanlike implement for a

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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mind which moves through distaste for the executioner and detachment from the victim. The author opens with the creation of the Committee by Congressman Samuel Dickstein, as an agency of hue and cry against the Nazis and its almost immediate theft from him by congressmen who thought of his very name as one inscribed on that invisible alien registration list they carried about, then even more than now. His chronicle ends just before the clangorous coda of Rep. Joe Pool's confrontation by the New Left, with President Johnson's choice of the Committee to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, an institution as American as itself. There are a thousand ironies in between, and almost all of them as instructive about ourselves as that which raises and that which almost lowers Goodman's curtain.

Most of the characters are entombed by now; but we can measure the precision of Goodman's portraits by the figure of Richard Nixon, the Committee's grandest surviving graduate. His Nixon is just the one we see still, opening with an outrageous premise and proceeding to act out for us the spectacle of a man painfully and conscientiously searching for a reasonable conclusion.

Irony enforces a detachment from its object which insures against petty spite, and Goodman's sense of justice amounts to chivalry. He refuses, for example, to apply to the Committeemen higher standards than those expected of the ordinary congressman; he refuses to call to our notice the public spectacle of Congressman Morgan Moulder, on Committee business, lurching about the Persian Room at your expense and mine; and he abstains from the easy gratification of indignation at the expense of Louis Russell, the Committee investigator who accepted a loan from Edward G. Robinson while the actor was wriggling in its grip. To be at once entertaining and fair minded, to describe without scolding, and still to condemn on a bill of particulars are all very great things.

And yet there are problems. I have myself worked with irony for a very long while, and only lately have I begun to wonder whether something more – some awareness of horror – must take its place. Perhaps it is unfair to Goodman that I have come upon him at a moment when the method seems in me so near the end of its tether; still only a work which illustrates the uses of irony in a form so refined and ornamental could suggest to us so much about its defects.

Irony's special modern limitation is in being the language of comfort. It is hard to think of any historical ironist – certainly not Gibbon or the early Adams – who is not in the end an historical optimist, looking back on a mean past, savoring a better present, expecting a secure future. In this key, Goodman looks back on the thirties:

> "Thirty years later, we can see that those on both sides who honestly believed or honestly feared that America's future belonged to fascism or communism shared a great misjudgment; they underestimated the resilience and endurance of our institutions. . . . Our body politic, it turned out, was like a peculiar patient who can survive the most extensive surgery and shed astonishingly little blood in the process."

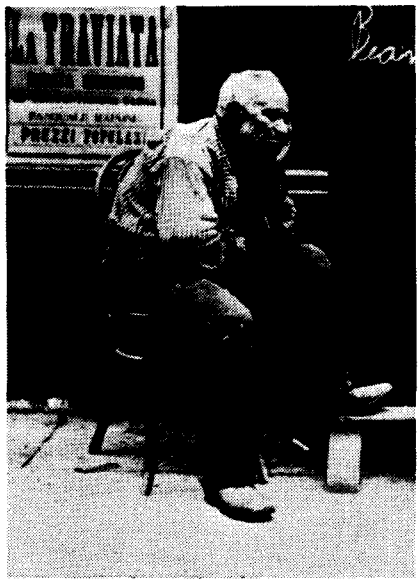
I hope I am not misreading Goodman in my impression that this optimism pervades even the fine indignation of his final judgment on the fevers visited upon us by the Committee:

> "Invariably the nation has recovered, but not without casualties. Lacking these casualties, the people *whose reputations and livelihoods* have been blithely hazarded, the Committee's career would lack meaning. They are its achievement. It has established a record not of laws but of Fifth Amendment pleas and contempt citations and disrupted lives. The proudest exhibit of the Committee's thirty years is its spacious files filled with the names, associations, activities and public utterances of thousands of Americans."

But the older you get, the harder it becomes to believe that when fevers pass, the body is just what it was. We are at a moment when it is particularly difficult to think of ourselves as recov-

Public welfare vs. poverty—the concept & the controversy

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SECURITY 1900-1935
Roy Lubove



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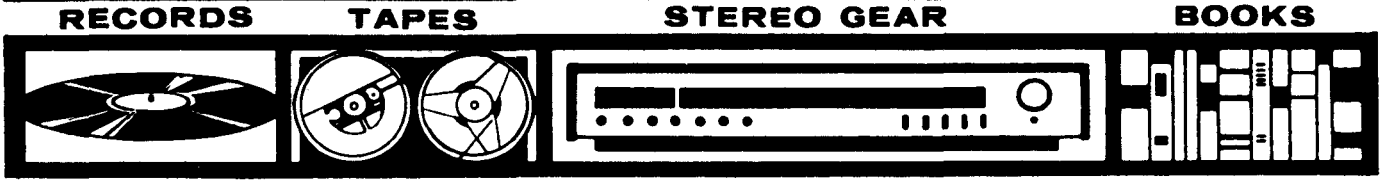

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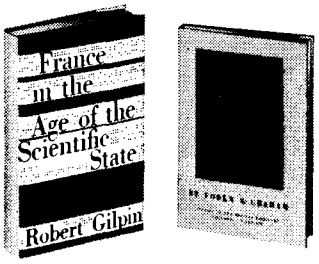

FRANCE IN THE AGE OF THE SCIENTIFIC STATE
By Robert Gilpin, Jr.

The author of *American Scientists and Nuclear Weapons Policy* examines France's leadership in the battle against United States and Russian scientific hegemony in Europe. He warns that if Europe remains disunited in its administration of scientific policy and continues to be "the main world importer of discoveries and exporter of brains," it may become steadily weaker in international affairs. *Published for the Center of International Studies, Princeton University.* $12.50

THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY, 1927-1932
By Loren R. Graham

No other academy, university, or research foundation dominates the field of science in its country to the degree that the Soviet Academy does. This study describes the eventually successful efforts of the Communist Party to control the Academy of Sciences which before 1928 had not a single party member. "This book more than anything we have had before presents a clear picture of the social history of Soviet scientific organizations." — *Derek de Solla Price. Studies of the Russian Institute, Columbia University.* $6.50

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ered from all the fevers of the last 30 years. Never has the resistance of the body seemed so low, the spirit so helpless; never have so many Americans been so ashamed of their country. We have come to the time when a young man who began in government as a staff assistant to Senator Joe McCarthy and reached his summit there instructing J. Edgar Hoover in wire-tapping can be accepted as the liberal candidate for President; we cling to the illusion of his spiritual progress because we cannot accept the fact of our own decay. We are a very ugly clown show indeed.

Is ours a sudden illness or is it chronic, the process of a steady worsening of the national constitution, suggested by intermittent eruptions of "pains and rashes" but always forgotten upon apparent recovery? Were the symptoms permanent and the recoveries illusions? Goodman suggests an answer and one which takes on special force because it comes from an historian so careful not to exaggerate the importance of his subject.

In March of 1947, he reminds us, President Truman issued his executive order "setting up an elaborate system . . . for checking on the purity of government workers without the nuisance of legal forms. . . . The files of the Un-American Activities Committee were designated as a source of information on suspect employees."

The Un-American Activities Committee recognized this crown on its labors:

> "Thomas drew attention to the fact that he had put forward a bill for a loyalty commission that was 'almost identical' with Mr. Truman's order, and Mundt flatly took credit for getting the executive branch to act. Once again, an effort by the executive to take the play away from Congress, to put the testing of loyalty into more responsible hands than those of the flag-waving legislators, was interpreted as a victory for the flag-wavers.

Now all our experience indicates that had there been no House Committee on Un-American Activities, there would have been a loyalty program all the same; and realism suggests that, once begun, it could have had no very pleasant results. But once a President of Mr. Truman's kidney could scorn in rhetoric and defer in substance to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, our present enormous evils could no longer be separated from its small meannesses.

We lived thereafter through a Secretary Dulles brave in the face of Stalin and craven in the face of Congress; we finally hardened into mold a State Department which was judged and came to judge itself not by how it described the world but by how it stood up to communism. And so we came to Vietnam.

We have no way to measure how much the Committee stimulated this process as against how much it merely reflected conditions of the national spirit which would have produced these results in any case. Goodman's examples certainly suggest that no institution in America has ever really had the will to stand up to it; in the driest of seasons it has always been able to count on the dues which persons who wear vests pay persons who are uncomfortable even in neckties.

The Committee has never had a chairman except the late Francis Walter, who could be considered a personal eminence in the material affairs of Congress; yet its spiritual authority has held up against all challenge in the House. Every attempt by the managers of the Democratic caucus to render this church subordinate to their control has failed. Repeatedly the managers of the House have installed some dim, malleable figure in the chair, only to have this Archbishop of Canterbury give way to some High Priest Samuel who is only a member of the Committee. John Rankin dominated its pulpit when first Congressman Hart of New Jersey and then Congressman Wood of Georgia were theoretically its Bishops. Today Chairman Edwin Willis of Louisiana, for reasons beginning in weakness and ending in health, has let the spiritual reins slip into the hands of Congressman Joe Pool of Texas, a bully and a brawler of a sort we have almost always seen as master of these revels.

Last month, the House voted 343-44 to raise the Committee's appropriation to $375,000 a year. Those 44 objectors constituted the largest cadre of resistance assembled since 1943. There is, as Goodman says, "no reason to sup-

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pose that they will do much better in the future."

A voice like Joe Pool's has been the voice of every Congress on appropriations or contempt citation day. The Democratic Study Group has had as many as 120 members, all of them presumably concerned with the decorum of their body and the good order of a society in which vituperation is always unattractive but vituperation with subpoena power is the most noxious sort of tyranny. No more than a third of them have ever raised their voices against the Committee's practices.

The courts have been an intermittent resource of defense, but always in the particular rather than the general. Goodman's account of the Committee in court is a model of clarity in mapping a tortuous and murky terrain. The legal sections of his history seem best summarized in Graham Greene's separation of Latin American society into tortureable and non-tortureable classes. It cannot be accident that so many of the defendants whose appeals carried had the double advantage of distinction as citizens and of representation by recognizable anti-communist lawyers. You do not often win even in the best court unless you bring a clearance with you.

Spotty as it is, the record of the courts has been our only show of resistance; private institutions have in general been as limp as Congress. The Committee does most of its work on people unfortunate enough to blunder into alleys; it has in general a healthy respect for real financial power; it did not even fall upon Cyrus Eaton except in a period when his credit was shaky. Its assault on Hollywood came when the industry was trembling before the threat of television. We therefore have no real examples of how a genuine paladin would conduct himself before the Committee, and have to make do with Eric Johnston, then president of the Motion Picture Producers Association, as a reasonable imitation. Mr. Johnston led his industry's brief resistance to the Committee and then signed the terms of capitulation. Having announced the blacklist of unrepentant communists he went off to Philadelphia to accept an award for tolerance. "It was," Goodman comments, "a sorry cause indeed on which Eric Johnston could not put a noble construction."

As for organized labor, Goodman offers one anecdote illustrative of its very best elements:

> "In airing the communist records of [Ford] Local 600's organizers and officers, the Committee provided Walter Reuther with an opportunity for housecleaning. After the hearings the UAW took over the locals, citing as cause the 'overwhelming evidence' of communist manipulation. Under the provision of the union constitution barring communists, several lesser officials long known to be CP members were ousted, and the non-communist position within the union was strengthened."

The wounds left on us by the Committee are in our backs, having been inflicted while we were running away. This is why I am left not altogether happy with Goodman's tone, spirited and charming though it almost always is. He offers, to take one case, a citation from myself on the Hollywood Ten:

> " 'Their story is a failure of promise; first, of the promise in themselves, and last, of the promise of the Hollywood which was so kind to them until they became an embarrassment and then turned them out. The promise at the beginnings of most of them appears now to have been largely smoke and thunder; the promise which vanished at the end appears to have been tinsel, as Hollywood is tinsel. They were entombed, most of them, not for being true to themselves, but for sitting up too long with their own press releases'."

Goodman seems to approve this judg-

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ment; and it can serve as a sample of the tone he generally employs, although with much more range and lucidity, towards those of the Committee's victims who may have been communists.

But that tone, I am afraid, is no longer adequate for our history. It can never be more than the refined expression of the very crude and philistine notion that the victim is usually guilty of something. So, in this case, the Hollywood Ten, having been arraigned by the Committee for trying to subvert our culture, are then dismissed by myself for not trying to subvert it enough. To be snubbed with indifferent ironies is certainly a less comfortable experience than to be fired and sent to prison. But whether you turn away with a withering smile or a vengeful frown, you still turn away. The rhetoric of the Hollywood Ten may have been inferior to their cause, as the rhetoric of victims quite often is. But it still ought to be said for them that, in their test, they did what they could with the remaining resources of language and dignity, and that they did better than we. They earned the respect which irony excludes, and their country needs more than anything else that passionate indignation which irony refused to provide.

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Challenge/Response

Sirs:

Your lead note on the riot commission report ("Challenge/Response" March 16) features the following statement: "By twelfth grade in school, most Negroes are 3½ years behind white children their age; but *not* when the white and black children are of the same social class. In that case, they're educational equals."

This statement is flatly untrue. While there are wide ranges of achievement within all groups and considerable overlap between white and Negro scores, the fact is that the average upper-class Negro 12th-grade achievement score is below the average lower-class white score. The quickest reference is to page 80 of the report of the US Civil Rights Commission on Racial Isolation in the Public Schools, where the situation is presented graphically.

It is an important mistake, because the point of the riot commission report is that the hell of being a Negro in America relates not to being poor (though this helps) but to being black. The horror of the situation is that a man is first Negro and second something else, whatever his accomplishments. His children still live in a ghetto, and with rare exceptions attend a ghetto school.

Martin Mayer
New York City

In reply . . .

Mr. Mayer is quite right on the specific passage he quotes. The table on page 80 of the Civil Rights Report does show that "upper class" Negroes – those who receive more than a high school education – do indeed score less than "lower class" whites – those who have received high school education or less. To that extent, *The New Republic* stands corrected, although many social scientists question using educational levels as indices of social class for Negroes. What conclusions we should draw from this are unclear. Does this mean that Negroes are inherently stupid, and there is nothing to be done? Does it mean that being black in this country is so fundamentally significant that separate black institutions are the only answer? Or does it mean, as the Civil Rights Report and presumably Mr. Mayer argue, that integration is the only answer? Social science can be an ambiguous guide and reasonable men may differ in their interpretations of its findings, as various theoretical and tactical proposals in the pages of *The New Republic* have shown. *The Editors*

Notes on Contributors

Murray Kempton *contributes a regular column to* The New York Post. *His newest book is* Part of Our Time.

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Johnson Withdrawal is Ruse?

Sirs:

The general public has no way of discerning whether or not Johnson's withdrawal from the 1968 campaign is a ruse. Such a retreat, however, does confer upon the President several strategic and tactical advantages.

Even though he has increased the size of the American military force in Vietnam, the partial cessation of bombing North Vietnam (counterproductive to begin with) serves to stricture critics of the basic war policy. By not appearing on primary ballots, Johnson spares himself the possibility of irrevocably humiliating defeats by Kennedy and/or McCarthy. Thus a "Draft Johnson" movement could gain considerable impetus between now and August, especially if a semblance of Johnson-instigated "peace" settles over Vietnam. Furthermore, if urban racial violence diverts attention from a smoldering foreign war to blazing domestic battles, Johnson could blamelessly emerge from his sanctuary of altruism to defend white lower- and middle-class property rights.

Against such a self-sacrificing father-figure, the "opportunistic" Kennedy and the "ungrateful" McCarthy might appear shabby indeed, and reasoned exposure of Administration failures in other spheres (housing, pollution, transportation) would perhaps not stir the very victims of Johnsonian mismanagement. The mollification of public sentiment toward Johnson (which we are already witnessing), coupled with appropriate pressure by Johnson and his many powerful allies, could well result in a successful draft; it is imperative that supporters of McCarthy and Kennedy continue to work without letup to control decisively the national convention. As we say here in the Southwest: "It's the rattler you're not looking for that gets you."

Dennis V. Higgins
Santa Fe, N.M.

Hershey's Draft

Sirs:

Your discussion of the tendency of local draft boards to identify opinions of General Hershey with facts under law ("Hershey's Draft," March 30) is well taken.

Recently a student of mine was called for a physical. Although in satisfactory academic standing, his deferment has been suspended in that he did not submit a written request for deferment in addition to the usual SSS Form 109.

We were concerned to hear that he had passed the physical despite a hereditary, uncorrectable eye condition. Upon calling the local board to determine explicitly the cause for medical rejection due to impaired vision, we were told that this is classified information. Further calls to a neighboring board, the Army recruiting center, an examining physician, and the State Selective Service Headquarters were all met by a consistent refusal to disclose either the information or a reference to it.

Ultimately we did locate a set of Army Regulations in the local library. AR 40-501, 2-13 contained the regulations we were seeking. The manual begins with this statement: ' AR 40-501, Medical Service-Standards of Medical Fitness, is published for the use of all concerned."

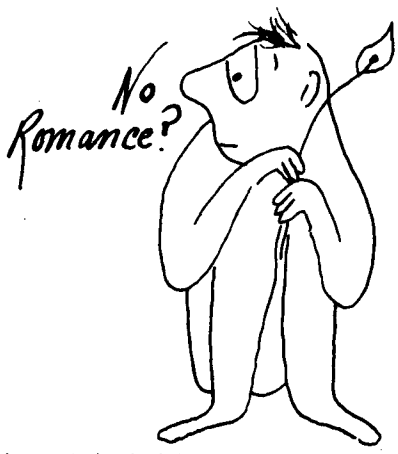
G. Rose
Corvallis, Oregon

The Way It Spozed to Be

Sirs:

In his review of James Herndon's *The Way It Spozed to Be* (March 30), Nat Hentoff refers to the "attitudinally disadvantaged" teacher (a term he attributes to a "maverick teacher in New York"). Since to the best of my knowledge I was the first to use the term (see "The Attitudinally Disadvantaged Teacher," *The Urban Review*, Center for Urban Education, December 1966), permit me to repeat a suggestion made there which has special relevance in light of Mr. Hentoff's comments.

Why not offer in-service education for the children of the poor to equip them with what is needed to confront "attitudinally disadvantaged" teachers? In view of the proliferation of sensitization courses for teachers about to instruct (?) classes with large numbers of nonwhite pupils, such efforts would simply even the score and might even demonstrate that principles of social psychology can be introduced at the



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elementary school level.

While the suggestion was offered satirically two years ago, my tongue is no longer as embedded in my cheek.

Richard B. Zamoff
Center for Urban Education
New York, N.Y.

Back to Buckley

Sirs:

Judging from his letter to the editor last week, the truth and William F. Buckley Jr. continue to be strangers.

First, the "archives" to which he refers must be the same that enshrine those phantom lists of 205, 81, 57, or "a lot of" communists in the State Department which launched that other corrupt Buckley hero, Senator Joseph McCarthy. Buckley did *not* examine the major charges against Senator Thomas Dodd in print. His "research" did not even lead him to interview the people most deeply involved – people he has casually savaged.

Real archives do contain accounts by me of ways in which Buckley censored the news, or warped it, in his second all-out effort to change a senatorial sow's ear into a silk purse. Anyone interested in journalistic ethics might want to look back to page 14 of the Spring, 1967 issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review;* pages 52 and 53 of the Summer, 1967, *CJR* (especially); and all of "For Dodd and Yale" in the June 3 *New Republic.*

Second, Buckley did "*almost* alone" (he dropped my "almost") buy Dodd's story about office sex. Those who care can get an accurate version in Boyd's book, *Above the Law.* If Buckley has any sources other than Dodd himself, why has he never trotted them out?

Finally, some readers may miss the humor of Buckley's implied suggestion that Boyd and the other disillusioned Dodd staff members could have turned to the FBI, which is headed by J. Edgar Hoover, guru-in-chief of both Buckley and Dodd. The best reason for reading *Above the Law* is to get a fascinating, inside view of congressional morality, but one of the many fringe benefits is Boyd's account of how the FBI first went after the people who exposed Dodd rather than Dodd himself.

Buckley continues to employ the same mixture of gall, cruelty, clownishness, and distortion that made him famous as a youth. It's time he guru-up.

Robert Yoakum
Lakeville, Conn.

The Missing Ingredient

Sirs:

In his letter ("The Missing Ingredient," March 16) Robert Goldmann objects strongly to two points made by my report on the Hughes Commission riot study. I said the commission refused to describe fully the way Mayor Hugh Addonizio tried to stifle the political power of Newark's Negroes. Mr. Goldmann's grounds for dispute here aren't clear, but he should be reminded that, according to part of its professional staff, the commission *deliberately* refused to make a tough analysis of Newark's politics, lest it offend the mayor and prejudice him against the study's recommendations.

I said also that the commission failed to describe fully the white community's response to the riots. Mr. Goldmann rejects this by citing a commission survey of whites and Negroes, a survey showing the races have different ideas about ghettos and riots. But this isn't what I was talking about. Instead, I'd like to know what the commission thought about groups like the North Ward white defense league that claims it has 2,700 members, a helicopter, an armored car, a stockpile of automatic weapons, and an itchy trigger finger.

Mr. Goldmann also thinks I slighted the panel's denunciation of gerrymandering. The commission's stand is noble, but awfully vague. It doesn't even say gerrymandering against blacks occurs in Newark. The study should have spelled out actual gerrymandering schemes, naming the officials and interests involved. For until gerrymandering stops, it's a waste of time to talk about encouraging Negroes to run for the city council or state legislature – another proposal Mr. Goldmann thinks was overlooked.

Finally, the charge that I glossed over the commission's proposal for a civilian review board is false. I discussed civilian review at three points. If anyone glossed over the proposal, it's the mayor or the governor – they both scuttled the idea.

Ralph Whitehead
New York, N.Y.

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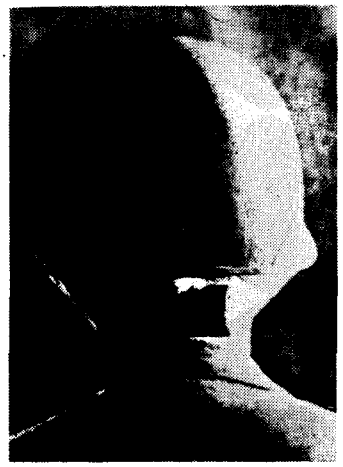

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Kauffmann, *from page 24*

A plunge, now, to the profane. *Benjamin*, a French film set in the 18th century, is failed pornography. It has some nice color photography, some passable performances, some reasonably light-fingered direction; but in these days when *Fanny Hill*, *The Story of O* and *The Pearl* are available on every newsstand, films about fornication that stop with embraces simply will not suffice. Do I mean that films about fornication should show sexual relations in the same detail as those books? I most certainly do; or else they should not be made. They cannot stand the competition with available literature.

Arguments about pornography, very much pro as well as con, flourish these days among serious critics, not only among lawyers and censors. The change in the tenor of the arguments indicates the change of atmosphere. Today pornography may or may not be acceptable, but fake pornography is certainly not acceptable. If you are going to make a film in 1968 that is completely concerned with the pleasures of sex, with copulation as an entire world, you cannot merely show a glimpse of bosom and then fade out when the parties get down to beddy business. As in literary pornography, it is in the screwing itself that the film lives; or else it does not live. To omit it is to omit the shoot-out (Freudians, forgive) at the end of a Western.

Benjamin was apparently inspired by such works as *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and *Philosophy in the Bedroom*. The story, like most pornography, is a sublime male fantasy. A youth who has lived a secluded life arrives at the château of his aunt where fête and fornication are the order of the day and night. Pretty maids and wives throng the corridors, woods, and pavilions, bent on getting Benjamin's virginity. The justification for this fantasy would be its fleshing – and this we do not get.

Michele Morgan is agreeable as the countess, a cross between Mozart's Countess Almaviva and Strauss' Marschallin. Two Catherines – Deneuve and Rouvel – are especially attractive. Michel Piccoli, as a rationalist rake, is unimpressive; and, as the innocent youth, Pierre Clementi is insufficiently golden in a role that calls for someone like the youthful Gerard Philippe.

But the director and producer, Michel Deville and Mag Bodard, failed fundamentally by making a film that would have no trouble with the police. Why should any interested person go to see *Benjamin* when he – or she – can curl up with a good book?

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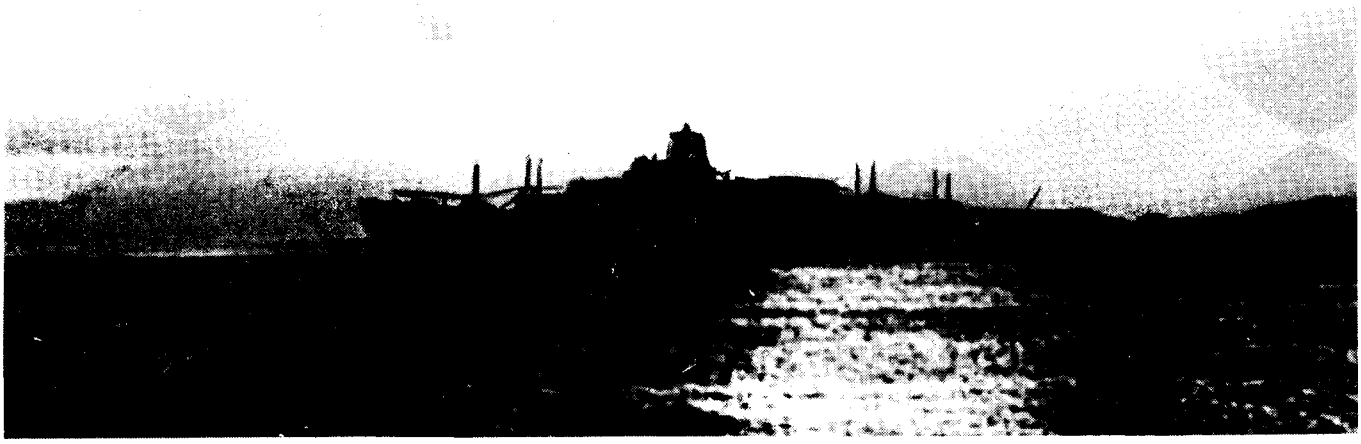

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